

PRO BASKETBALL

Sports Illustrated

SEP. 23, 1967

40¢



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CURLEE



On sale at **Sears** ! Craftsman Circular Saw

A big 7-inch saw with professional features like a safety clutch to prevent kickback. Was \$41.99. Now only \$28.88.

Save \$13.11! You can crosscut, rip cut, bevel cut — build anything from a fence to a boat with the versatile Craftsman® saw.

First of all, it's exceptionally *easy to use*. It has a full wraparound base for better cutting stability.

The side-ejection sawdust chute directs dust away from you and the cutting line. The clear-view housing lets you see *exactly* where you're cutting.

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The powerful motor develops 1½ HP for really tough cutting operations. And if the saw hits an obstruction or becomes pinched, it doesn't kick you like a mule. A safety clutch will stop the blade *automatically*.

There are even rugged ball bearings at heavy-wear points. It's just more saw than you'll see at this price. Sale ends November 25, 1967. No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan. **You can't do better than Sears.**

Free service and parts upon return if any part proves defective within one year of sale. This guarantee does not apply to electric tools used in rental service.

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Credits on page 89

Next week

ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE teams that have duelled furiously for the past two years, meet with their national prestige and the leadership of the Southeastern Conference at stake.

MANANA IS NOW in Mexico City, caught in the throes of dress rehearsal. Bob Olson records the wet-paint agency and some surprising performances at the trial Olympics.

GRIZZLY BEARS in Glacier Park killed two girls one day last August. Emmet Watson examines the tragedy and its possible causes and warns that it could happen again.

Why, after 32 years, Sun Valley is still the best place to ski:

A classic ski mountain

In 1936, long before there was organized skiing anywhere, the site for Sun Valley was chosen over all other possible places in



the U.S. because of Baldy Mountain—the epitome of a classic ski mountain. And hang the cost. There are now 12 lifts serving 52 runs and the famous bowls, ranging from beginner slopes to one of the hairiest downhill racing courses in the world. Our slopes are immaculately groomed by the "Night Riders" using our large complement of snow machines. And sun? Well, that's part of our name.

Not an area or resort

Sun Valley is a self-contained incorporated village designed on the "core" plan, whereby everything is within walking distance, in-

cluding every service facility found in any small city. Accommodations are in the Challenger Inn, the Lodge and in two apartment areas. The style, flavor and feeling is that of a small European Ski village, yet has American efficiency and hospitality. And our skiing is equal to or better than anything in Europe.

Beginners

We have our own separate mountain, Dollar, for beginners and intermediates. Our ski school is the biggest and best in the country, with 116 instructors. They use instant playback video tape as a teaching aid. The terrain and lift progression can take you from the first time on skis to the ability to tackle Baldy.



Ski Lifts

On Baldy there are nine chairlifts, including a new one this

year from the bottom of Exhibition to the bottom of College, enabling you to ski both sides of the mountain without going to the top and also insuring the Sun Valley tradition of fast lift service. There are three lifts on Dollar including a new one for raw beginners.

Transportation and cost

Since we're not near any large population area we don't have the weekend crowds found at virtually all other ski areas. So this is one of the few places where it costs less to ski on weekends than during the week. (\$6.75 vs. \$7.75, Dollar Mt. \$4.00). Although Sun Valley has been a longtime host to the great, you can have a room for as little as \$5.00 (or as much as \$45.00). Getting here by air is really just as easy and fast as most other Rocky Mountain ski areas. There are new, non-stop flights between here and Salt Lake or Boise.



There's still only one

Sun Valley

For information, write: Reservations, Department D,
Sun Valley, Idaho 83353 208/726-3311. TWX 910-978-5717.

International Team Races

March 22, 23, 24 with top Olympic skiers in one of the two international races in the U.S. Sun Valley is one of the few places where races don't tie up the whole mountain.

Poster Offer: Spectacular color photo taken at last exciting International race here. \$1.00 postpaid.

CLASS OF 1988



That baby of yours... what will he want to be when
he graduates in the class of '88? Doctor? Lawyer? Engineer?

Only time will tell. But one thing is sure:
his need for a good education. Will you have the
thousands of dollars necessary to provide it? You can,
with an educational insurance policy from Kansas City Life,
a company that has specialized in life insurance
exclusively for 73 years. It's the finest thing
you can do for your child.

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how reasonable this investment in your child's future can be.



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the District of Columbia

BOOKTALK

The largest and most neglected of all
minority groups finally gets a champion

Up to now virtually every minority group
in the world except one has had its
spokesmen and its apologists. That single
neglected group has now found its special
pleader in Michael Bartsley, author of *The
Other Hand*, a book about lefties just published
by Hawthorn.

There probably are 200 million left-
handed people, and they mostly find them-
selves awkward outsiders in a right-handed
world where scissors, can openers, door-
knobs, telephone dials and gardening tools
seem expressly designed to thwart them.

What comfort, then, for the downtrod-
den legion of lefties? Only in sport, a seems,
have they been accepted as equals—or even
as impressive superiors. In baseball, for
instance, the left-hander is not only tolerated
but sought after. In other fields, with such
champions as Jaroslav Drobný, Rod Laver,
Freddie Miller, Dennis Compton and Gary
Sobers to give him heart, the left-handed
sportsman realizes with relief that there are
positive advantages in being odd man out.
The ancient Romans were careful to note
special instructions to gladiators about how
to fight a left-handed opponent. The right-
handed boxer, fencer or tennis player has
little opportunity to practice against left-
handed tactics: chances are that only one in 20 of
his matches will be against a left-hander.
But the left-hander nearly always meets
right-handed opponents and can easily per-
fect his surprise left cross, his unexpected
left forehand, his sinister lunge. In cricket,
the left-handed bowler can deliver the ball
"round" the wicket from an angle impos-
sible to a right-hander.

The connoisseur of useless facts will find
plenty in Bartsley's book to garnish his col-
lection. Forgers believe that it is easier to
copy a left-handed than a right-handed
signature. There are nearly twice as many
lefties among boys as among girls, and in
the U.S. more in the East than the Midwest.

The jargon word for a left-hander, "south-
paw," originated in American ball parks
where the pitcher generally faced west. The
Boy Scouts' left-handed handshake is the
survival of an intense campaign in the 1930s
to promote ambidexterity. Leonardo first
drew the Mona Lisa as a lefty like himself,
saw it looked wrong and painted her with
her hands folded the opposite way. In con-
formist Leon Curtin countries, school chil-
dren are not permitted to write left-handed.
Apes are ambidextrous but 80% of rats are
right-pawed, and Aristotle was the first to
notice that lobsters are right-clawed, too.
By the way, in case you're a lefty and want
to order this book by mail, you can do it
with a special left-handed checkbook.

—JANEY GRAHAM

IF ENOUGH PEOPLE WOULD STOP SMOKING AND START DRINKING, WE COULD GET OUT OF ASHTRAYS AND INTO VERMOUTH.

It has never been our goal to make receptacles for people's cigarettes. It's been our goal to make people receptacles for our vermouth.

But somehow, our goals got crossed.

Cinzano ashtrays, which were intended to call attention to our vermouth, have called most of the attention to themselves.

Which is a shame. Because we work harder on our vermouth than on our ashtrays.

To make Cinzano Sweet Vermouth, we don't just

press a bunch of grapes. We put 150 herbs and spices in with the grapes. So our sweet vermouth isn't just sweet.

It actually adds something to a drink.

To make Cinzano Dry Vermouth, there are two kinds of grapes we could use: dry, wet grapes or dry, dry grapes. We use the dry, dry grapes. So when you add our dry vermouth to dry gin, you end up with what you're after: a dry drink.

For all our efforts, we make one small request.

Next time you're about to fill our ashtray with cigarettes, fill a glass with our vermouth instead.

It's not that we're against smoking, it's that we're for vermouth.



GET LOST!

SHOPWALK

Tradition is in at Harry Hall Ltd., where both horse and rider get a perfect fit

In the heart of swinging London, in the midst of crowds of miniskirted, kinky-booted girls, or "birds," right smack on Regent Street (No. 235), old Mr. Fredericks of Harry Hall Ltd. quietly measures, cuts, stitches, glues and shapes soft leather into some of England's finest saddles. He will make you a jumping saddle with a pigskin seat for \$154—made to measure, "a perfect fit for both horse and rider.... Please state if the horse has wide or narrow withers and advise the height and weight of the rider." Your child's handmade saddle will cost you \$48. Mr. Fred will make you a bridle for \$12, a nylon girth for \$3 and offer you a choice of "the most varied selection of bits in England" (the best in nickel at \$3). Once your horse is taken care of (and he can offer it nosebands, reins, whips, brushes, blankets, oils and vitamins, too), Harry Hall Ltd. will guarantee to dress you as elegantly as they have your horse.

The business was begun by Harry Hall, Esquire, Bootmaker and Tailor, in the 1870s. He advertised with the slogan, "Hall marked clothes are the best." The slogan appeared on brass letter openers, button-eyes and buttonhooks that were distributed free throughout England. The original shop was bombed out during the blitz of London. Currently the store hand-tailors clothes for such international riding figures as Pui Smythe, Anne Townsend, Sheila and Mary Barnes, Italy's Raimondo D'Inzeo, Brazil's Nelson Pessoa and Australia's Peter Winton. It has had an occasional order from the stables at Buckingham Palace as well. If you send a letter to Mr. Pearce at Harry Hall and ask for a self-measurement form, in something under six weeks he will have you dressed with all the chic of a Sunday rider on Rotten Row in Hyde Park. A glance at the form will give you confidence in the exact fit of your coat, vest, breeches or boots. For example, you are asked to measure around your calf in six different places. Hooking jackets, made to order, start at \$70, but the best ready-made jockeys in sizes 34 to 44 are available for about \$40. The latter are made of handwoven Harris tweeds, Cheviot cloth, saxones or York-shire tweeds and styled with slant side pockets, an outflap ticket pocket on the right and a nine-inch center vent. The biggest seller is a fawn-colored herringbone jacket, and it has been the biggest seller for 30 years. Carnaby Street boutiques may invent new mod fashions for the discotheque crowd weekly, but every true English horseman knows that the In dress for the rider is the one that's been in the longest. Tradition and conservatism are still his bywords.

—SUSAN BLACKBURN

Light up a
taste of
adventure



Excitingly new, surprisingly different aromatic pipe tobacco!

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**CERTAIN PEOPLE
DON'T EVEN DRIVE A CAR,
LET ALONE FINANCE IT.**

However, there are others who do drive, and do finance.

And General Motors Acceptance Corporation (GMAC) finances cars. Chevrolets. Pontiacs. Oldsmobiles. Buicks. Cadillacs. Opels. Even GMC trucks.

So if you're bug-eyed about the new General Motors cars, or need a good used car, go to the General Motors dealer who uses GMAC. You'll be able to finance your car, car insurance, and creditor life insurance in the same place, at the same time.

No running around to talk to three different people, in three different places.

No aggravation. No bother.

The cost is reasonable.

And, in addition, you can choose from a number of different time payment arrangements.

GMAC. An ideal way to finance for people who haven't got a chauffeur. It's even ideal for chauffeurs who haven't got a car.



General Motors Acceptance Corporation

Make your own road with America's first wide fiber glass snow tire. More traction than any snow tire Sears ever tested.

A great winter tire. For people who want to get away from it all.

It's called the Sears Superwide Snow Guard. It's the first wide fiber glass snow tire.

It has more traction than any snow tire we've ever tested.

It's guaranteed for 40 months. In writing. By Sears, Roebuck and Co.

It takes one and one-half minutes to read the rest of this ad but that's all you need to know: it's from Sears.

What makes the Superwide so super?

The tread is reinforced with two belts of fiber glass. They run under the tread, around the tire.

The fiber glass belts are strong. And flexible.

The nylon cord sidewalls are free to flex.

So the tire tread sort of unfolds itself. Like a tank tread.

It's got a wider track than any snow tire we've ever

tested. As much as 26 per cent wider.

That means more traction. Better traction.

A Great Snow Job

We put the Sears Superwide through a rugged test against some of the best ordinary snow tires on the market.

We tested it in soft, deep New England snow and it got better traction.

We tested it on wet asphalt pavement and it stopped quicker than any snow tire we ever tested.

An exclusive tread design makes the Superwide run quiet.

It doesn't sound as though a semi is riding on your tail. A good snow tire should be seen and not heard.

Wide, Wide, Wide

It's a sporty-looking job with a lusty wide tread. It will fit just about any car. You don't have to own a sports model or be a race buff.

Depending on your tire size, the Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire sells for \$32.87 to \$43.54. Including Federal Excise Tax which is about the only thing this tire can't get out of.

Also available with studs where state law permits.

No extra charge for

mounting. And No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Guaranteed by Sears for 40 months.

Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire.

Let it snow.

Let it snow.

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire, replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out.

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 25% allowance.

Sears

You can't do better than Sears.



You are being misled about battery-operated television.

Most of the people who make those small television sets would like you to believe that they're as portable as a portable radio.

Unfortunately, they aren't.

The fact is, if you're going anywhere outdoors and want to take one of their sets along, you're also going to have to take along a separate ten-pound battery pack. And chances are, half the time you'll wind up leaving the set at home, where it really belongs.

The Panasonic Valley View, on the

other hand, is really a battery-operated portable television set.

We mean the rechargeable battery is right inside the set. When you're outdoors, it works on battery. Indoors on house current. And, incidentally, our battery can be recharged twice as many times as one of those you'd have to lug around and it can't be overcharged.

Also, instead of a peephole, the Valley View has an 8-inch screen, measured diagonally. It also has a dark-tinted glass to make what you're looking at look

a lot better, especially outdoors.

And in case you'd like to know a little more about what you're buying, the Valley View has 51 Solid State devices in it, two separate antennas, easy to see "pop-up" tuning and a speaker that's just about twice as big as you'll find on many of the others.

What's more, you can be sure the next time you want to take a television set to the beach, if you take the Valley View you won't get left holding the "bag." Model TR-236B.



PANASONIC
300 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



46 races...31 victories

(and the best goes on )

A .674 average in any sport is rare. In NASCAR Grand National racing it's practically an impossibility. Nevertheless, of 46 races held this season, specially-prepared Plymouths have won 31. The following is a history of that accomplishment.

11/13-Augusta 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
3/5-Fireball 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/6-Columbia Spring 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/9-Hickory 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/23-Virginia 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/30-Richmond 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/13-Rabaul 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/19-Baltimore 100-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
5/20-Hampton 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/26-World 600-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
6/2-Asheville 300-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
6/8-Middle Georgia 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/8-Smokay Mountain 200-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/18-Carolina 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/24-Greenville 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/27-Montgomery 200-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
7/9-Norham 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/13-Fonda 200-Richard Petty, Plymouth.

7/15-Isleip 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/23-Volunteer 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/29-Nashville 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/12-Winston-Salem 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/17-Columbia 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/25-Savannah 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/4-Southern 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/8-Buddy Shuman Memorial 250-Petty, Plymouth.
9/10-Capitol City 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/15-Baltimore 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/17-Hillsboro 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/24-Old Dominion 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
10/1-Wilkes 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.

And the best goes on. With the season almost over, Plymouth-mounted Richard Petty has been setting a pace of his own, unequalled by any other driver in Grand National history. His records, to mention a few, include: the most career wins (75); the most wins in a season (27); the most consecutive wins (10); the most points won for a season and the most money for a single season, as well as career. Richard's car, in every race, was a specially-prepared Plymouth.



Moral:

The next time a car manufacturer talks to you about performance, ask how many races he's won. In the silence that follows, Plymouth might just step in and win you over.

Plymouth



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

SCORECARD

A WORLD ELSEWHERE

Nat Fleischer, the rather crusty 79-year old editor of *The Ring* magazine, adamantly refuses to call Cassius Clay Muhammad Ali and has no use for his contention that he should be exempt from military service, but last week *The Ring* again designated Ali as world heavyweight champion. And Fleischer says it will continue to recognize Ali as such pending the outcome of his appeal. It is, Fleischer explains simply, the just and democratic thing to do.

Last April Ali was precipitously stripped of his title by both the World Boxing Association and the New York State Athletic Commission, and he has not fought since. This is not because he was subsequently convicted of a felony—there are no laws or regulations prohibiting someone who is out on appeal from fighting or, indeed, otherwise earning a living. He has not fought because the few commissions that don't belong to the WBA would not dream of being so unpatriotic as to sanction an Ali fight and Federal District Judge Joe Ingraham of Houston has ruled that Ali cannot leave the U.S. to fight in a country such as Japan.

We tend to forget that Ali is the world champion and that, as Cornelius said, there is a world elsewhere. As Fleischer points out, *The Ring* has an international circulation and of the hundreds of letters he has received from all over the world, 90% have been in favor of the magazine's stand on Ali. The 10% that have expressed disapproval have been exclusively from the U.S. They have come largely from the South and Southwest.

Of course, Fleischer's position is almost absurdly idealistic, for the great probability is that it is only a matter of a few months until the intransigent Ali goes to jail and a new champion is crowned. Yet we applaud Fleischer, if for no other reason than that in an age

in which what is just is increasingly overwhelmed by what is merely expedient, he has stuck to his guns.

FUTURE MATCH

Sixteen months ago, after losing a semi-final match at Wimbledon to Billie Jean King, Margaret Smith declared she was through playing competitive tennis. She retired to a nondescript suburb of Perth in Western Australia and opened a dress shop. Then last summer she became engaged to Barry Court, the son of the deputy premier of Western Australia, and seemed headed for a settled and fashionable life in Perth. Not so. Last week she had another surprise for her Australian tennis followers—she is planning a comeback. Her first tournament appearance will be in the New South Wales championships next month.

"When I retired from competitive play," she says, "I was fed up with tennis, but now things are different. In practice the ball looks as big as a football, whereas when I decided to retire it looked as small as a golf ball. I've not been so keen on tennis for years and I'm very fit." What Margaret is keenest on, no doubt, is the prospect of meeting and beating Billie Jean in the Australian championships in January.

RANGOON'S RABBIT

When he appears in pro tournaments, Billy Casper represents a country club in Peacock Gap, Calif., and not long ago Terry Dill putted out, or in, for Muleshoe, Texas. But next year, when a golfer named U Mya Aye makes his debut on the PGA circuit he will be playing for the Burmese government.

The military regime in Rangoon sent U Mya Aye to Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. early this month to attend the PGA training school. It paid his tuition to the U.S. Treasury Department and sent along a military attaché, Colonel Kyi Han, to act as an interpreter—U Mya

Aye's English consists of the body variety, plus "hello" and "good shot." He sat stone-faced through lectures on finance and public relations. But the State Department arranged for tapes of the seminars, and translations will be forwarded to U Mya Aye for study.

The 5' 6", 124-pound pro understood enough, however, about the subtlety of the golf course to finish 24th in a field of 111 trainees in a 144-hole tournament, thereby qualifying along with players like Deane Beman, Bob Murphy, Bobby Cole, Tony Jacklin and Marty Fleckman for next year's U.S. tour.

And at the end of last week, Colonel Han revealed that U Mya Aye had learned to "handle a hamburger," which insures, one supposes, that he will not starve on the American tour.

BUG IN A BROADCAST

It was the fourth inning of the final game of the World Series. Carl Yastrzemski was at bat. Bob Gibson began his wind-up, delivered . . . and the television set at the Estrada bar in Santa Fe, N. Mex. went dead. The patrons were so angry they might have shot out the lights, only there weren't any—the electricity had failed throughout town. The only battery-



powered radio handy, relatively speaking, was in Jerry Dorbin's Volkswagen, which was parked outside. The Estrada is on the second floor of a bowling alley, but Dorbin, undeterred, drove his car up the front steps, the patrons lifted it around a corner, and then maneuvered it up a 60-foot pedestrian ramp to the bar. The game broadcast was

continued

MICHELOB...

BY THE WORLD'S BEST BREWER



Period.

A lot of people think Michelob is "one of those foreign beers." Wrong. It's brewed right here in America by Anheuser-Busch, the world's best brewer. Has been since 1896.

In beer,
going first class
is Michelob.
Period.

MICHELOB
BEER

MICHELOB
BEER

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Is there any excitement left
to give a man who free falls
from ten thousand feet?

Does he own a Hamilton?

He wears danger like an accessory; challenges the wind, and goes where few other men have been. There is only one watch for him. And Hamilton calls it the Dateline Automatic.

Bold elegance in a stainless steel case. Weatherproof*, shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, of course. With self-winding convenience and an automatic calendar.

Accuracy and dependability he can count on.

If he takes his chances on the unexpected, Hamilton's Dateline Automatic is his kind of excitement... especially when it comes from you.

At your jeweler.

If you want to give more than time, give

 **HAMILTON**

*Weatherproof (swimsuit) tested to 300 ft. water. Dateline A 562,585.
Hamilton Watches are available in Canada and more than 60 other countries.
Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

turned on. It was the top of the sixth, two on, Julian Javier at bat—one ball, two strikes . . . home run.

REBEL YELL

Once again it looks as if Mississippi has won an argument but lost a game to Bear Bryant. In 1946 the Rebels charged that Bryant, then head coach at Kentucky, had beaten them with an ineligible quarterback. Bryant said he had not. The Southeastern Conference later ruled that he had—but that did not alter the score, 20-6, or the fact that the quarterback had thrown two touchdown passes.

Now, films of Alabama's 21-7 win a fortnight ago over Mississippi show that one of Bryant's formations was a tackle-eligible, a type of play made illegal last January. According to the present rules the five interior linemen must wear numbers 50 through 79 to distinguish them from eligible pass receivers on the line, usually numbered in the 80s and 90s. In one of Alabama's formations only four players were numbered as interior linemen—the fifth, a tight end, wore No. 83—but the officials failed to notice this and so did Ole Miss until Coach Johnny Vaught and his staff looked at films of the game the next day.

Before using the formation, Alabama had been unable to move beyond mid-field against Mississippi. Then, after recovering a fumble on the Rebel 42-yard line, Alabama scored in four plays, using the illegal formation on three of them. "The ridiculous thing is that four plays earlier, from almost the same point on the field, Alabama could not move and had to give up the football," said Vaught.

The Bear insists he did not know he was doing anything wrong. "I am very sorry. I didn't know the formation was illegal," he declared. Replied Vaught, "I cannot accept that."

So the Alabama-Mississippi game goes on.

SUNNY OUTLOOK

Every Olympics has its problems and disagreements, but the host for the 1968 Games in Mexico City is keeping cool and sunny. In a recent speech Dr. Josue Saez, president of the Mexican National Olympic Committee, contrasted the attitudes of the participants: "The athletes are fighting for the prize. Spectators are looking for something spectacular. Politicians are using the Games to prove that

continued



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That lasts. We
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wood oils, ferns
and mosses. Most
people we ask like
it. Maybe you will,
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**it smells
good**

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one society is better than the others. The professional agitator is trying to set one race against another. So," concluded Dr. Saenz, "the Olympics has something for everyone."

GOD'S HELPING HAND

There are all kinds of alibis for a baseball again not getting into the World Series, but Mrs. D. J. Edmonson of Annandale, Minn., has come up with one for the failure of her beloved Twins that Minnesota's ballplayers never would have thought of. Mrs. Edmonson recently wrote to the editor of the *Minneapolis Star*: "I believe that God guides our destinies at all times and in all places. The Twins were virtually the best team in the American League. With a little help from God, the pennant would have been theirs. I don't believe it is a coincidence that they lost it the same year the State of Minnesota voted to sell liquor on Sunday."

God may have been nodding Boston, whose Red Sox beat the Twins in the pennant race, has permitted Sunday liquor selling for a long time.

CHEWING ON A BIG WAO

For three years dentists at Case-Western Reserve, a college in Cleveland, have been doing research for the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare on the "act of chewing." The studies have been limited mostly to methods of correct chewing, but the researchers say they believe that chewing greatly aids athletes by reducing muscular tension and giving them a sense of well-being. Dr. Theodore Messerman, who heads the project, would like to test his theory that hyaline chewing, that done by, say, the Twins' Ted Lundecker or the Yankees' Steve Hamilton is a "neurotic activity." But by the time the research has advanced that far the doctor's wad may be expended. The government allocated only \$142,708 for the project. So far, \$71,000 has been chewed up.

BBBHHH...

College football coaches complain each year about the harassing noise of the partisan crowds they must face on the road, at such places as Notre Dame, LSU and Georgia Tech. As the game has become more complex, it is increasingly important that a quarterback's change of plays at the line of scrimmage not

be drowned out by a raving crowd.

"I think it is time we did something about the noise," said UCLA's Tommy Prothro after his Bruins just got by Penn State amid the din at University Park, Pa. "The rules say the officials can penalize the home team 15 yards, but I have seen it done in college football only once in my career."

When USC arrived at Notre Dame for its game with the Irish last weekend, it was the No. 1 team in the country in both polls, but the betting line had the Trojans as 12-point underdogs, largely because of the cheering in South Bend. "You can't hear anything in that stadium," USC Coach John McKay said prior to the game. "Sixty thousand people scream so loud you can't change a play at the line of scrimmage. Nobody can hear the signals. You've got to go with what has been called in the huddle. In effect, Notre Dame has a 12th man in the stands."

As it turned out, the problem did not materialize last week in Notre Dame Stadium. On the first play USC Quarterback Steve Sotage had trouble calling his signals. He appealed to the officials. They appealed to Notre Dame players, and the players, in turn, waved at the crowd to be quiet. The fans obeyed.

Nonetheless, Prothro is right. When the noise continues, it is time to strictly enforce the rule of penalizing the home team 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. As of now, the visiting team has only one sure cure for the noise problem. As Northwestern's Alex Agase put it: "Just get a couple of touchdowns ahead of the home team and see how much cheering there is."

Come to think of it, that helped USC at ND.

THEY SAID IT

• Norm Van Brocklin, former Minnesota Vikings coach: "There's no tougher way to make easy money than pro football."

• Walt Chamberlain on Philadelphia Coach Alex Hannum's training sessions: "If I can miss five minutes of one of his practices, I feel like I am adding five years to my life."

• Glenn Dobbs, Tulsa football coach, after being criticized for running up a 58-0 score against Idaho State: "I have no apologies. I am not going to punt on first or second down."

END



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A PAIR FIT TO BE TIED

There was little to choose between the Colts and the Rams as they traded scores in the first big interdivisional game of the year, but Baltimore—even minus seven starters—was a little bit more equal **by TEX MAULE**

By the time the game had reached its dying moments in Baltimore's crowded and hysterical Memorial Stadium, Los Angeles Rams Coach George Allen was playing for a tie and doing so happily. No one will censure him for this, the Rams had twice come back from what appeared to be certain defeat to achieve this much. The score was 24-24, and it reflects rather accurately the parity of talent between two fine football teams last Sunday afternoon.

"We weren't really playing for a tie," said Allen candidly after the game. "We were playing to avoid a loss. This doesn't hurt us. The next time we get the Colts we'll be in our own backyard and, if the division championship rides on that game, we'll win it."

Maybe. What Allen seems to have overlooked is that the Baltimore team he will see in Los Angeles in December may not be the same one at all that he was a bit fortunate to hold to a tie in October. No fewer than seven of the Colt preseason starters were out of this game and, while their replacements performed creditably, it is reasonable to suppose that the regulars will be better.

For the record, Baltimore played without Alvin Haymond, a defensive back; Orrell Brause, defensive captain and end; Mike Curtis, corner linebacker; Raymond Berry, offensive end and an All-Pro; Jimmy Orr, one of the league's bet-

ter flanker backs, Bill Curry, another linebacker, and Jim Parker, many times an all-league offensive tackle or guard.

It is a significant measure of the depth in quality of the Colts that the long injury list neither diminished their desire nor seriously lowered their level of performance. The offensive line did a remarkable job of denying the Rams' big front four defensive linemen access to the battered and tender body of Quarterback John Unitas.

A subtle difference in the technique of offensive line play contributed to the success the Colts had both in running against the Rams and giving Unitas time to throw the ball. The primary concern of the Rams, of course, was to put pressure on Unitas, but given time, the superb Baltimore quarterback can solve the riddle of any defense, as he did over and over again on this warm and funnily humid day. The Ram line, surprisingly, stunts a good deal where most sound lines with similar size and agility usually despoise with such frills.

"We have increased our line splits a good deal this year," said Dan Sullivan, a Baltimore guard who had the unenviable task of contending with 275-pound Merlin Olsen. "It is especially effective against a team that switches and stunts as much as the Rams do because it gives you time to pick up the moves. And, if the spacing between the offensive line-

men is wide, they have to go farther on their routes."

The Colt spacing was helpful even when the Rams abandoned stunts, as they did in the second half of the game. When Olsen and Reger Brown, the two massive Ram tackles, stationed themselves on the outside shoulder of Sullivan and Glenn Ressler, the other Colt guard, they found themselves with a long road to Unitas. When they moved inside, as they often did, Ressler and Sullivan could pinch them together and tie them up in the traffic in the center of the line. Thus, given time, Unitas performed with his usual sure efficiency.

The Rams moved into the lead early in the first period when Roman Gabriel, their king-size quarterback, threw a perfect pass to Jack Snow, the ball sailing some 50 yards in the air before Snow, with half a step on defender Lenny Lyles, made a leaping, fingertip catch at the goal. The Colts, who are not a blitzing team, had tried a dangerous safety blitz on this play, and when the Rams picked it up and blocked out Rich Volk, the safety, Gabriel had ample time to find Snow, who had barely beaten Lyles. It was a play executed as nicely as if it were being traced on a giant green chalkboard, but it did little to discourage Unitas or the rest of the Colts, whose Lou Michaels kicked a left-footed 45-yard field goal later in the quarter. *continued*

Reformed Quarterback Tom Matte, who had a fine afternoon as a Colt runner, sprouts out of lunging grasp of Ram Linebacker Mele Baughen.





In the first quarter there were portents of the offense that the Colts were to demonstrate later. The second time Baltimore got the ball, Unitas began exploiting a facet of the Ram defense that was to remain vulnerable for almost the whole afternoon.

In an effort to get pressure on Unitas from the inside, Lamar Lundy, the big Ram right end, would often loop to the inside. The Colts sent their backs—Tony Lorick, Lenny Moore or Tom Matte, for the most part—wide outside Lundy, and in that second offensive series Matte, behind a good block by the tackle on Lundy and another good block by fullback Jerry Hill, went for seven yards on the sweep. Hill smashed to the right side of the Ram defense for 10 more yards and Unitas hit Matte with a quick swing pass, again around the right side, for nine more. Eventually the drive died on the Ram 14, although the Colts might well have had a touchdown. With fourth down and one, Unitas sent Hill into the Ram line on a fake and threw to Ray Perkins, playing for the injured Berry Perkins was yards free of any defender on the Ram goal line, but he dropped the ball. It was a frustrating culmination to a good drive, but it confirmed the Colt strategy, and when Unitas left the field he was reasonably sure of what he would be able to do in ensuing offensive thrusts.

Bald Bobby Boyd, who is one of the league's premier corner backs, put matters in train again for Unitas halfway through the second period when he made a leaping interception of a Gabriel pass on the Baltimore 28 and returned the ball to the Colt 41.

Unitas threw few long passes during the game, since the Colts were aware that the Ram defensive line seldom gives a receiver enough time to clear on a long pass. But after the interception he switched his strategy. With the Baltimore offensive line performing nobly, he had time to throw and found Alex Hawkins on the first play from scrimmage with a 22-yard pass. Unitas tried twice at the left side of the Ram line, and the element of surprise was good enough to get 14 yards. He then went back to the sure gain outside the Ram

right end, with Lenny Moore going nine yards to the Ram 14.

"That's our 34 or 35 special," a Colt offensive lineman said later. "The tackle [Boh Vogel] blocks Lundy in, and the fullback blocks the linebacker. We had real good luck with it most of the time."

They had real good luck with it once more in this drive when Moore, from the Ram three, wheeled wide to his left, skipped away from an attempted tackle and went into the end zone to put the Colts ahead 10-7.

The Colt touchdowns came hard. The Rams either scored easily or they did not move the ball at all. As the third quarter opened, Gabriel hauled another long, twisting pass to Jack Snow. Well covered by Boyd, Snow tipped the ball into the air, juggled it momentarily, then secured it and outran everybody for an 80-yard touchdown.

Johnny U. lost little time in putting the Colts back ahead. He had had good success throwing to his halfbacks on patterns that allowed him to release the ball quickly, ahead of the Ram rush, and now he sent Matte on a deeper pattern. Matte broke free, caught the ball at the Ram 28 and shook himself loose from the Ram linebacker who was covering him. He reached the Ram 15 before he was brought down. Unitas got the touchdown with a 14-yard pass to Hawkins, who played a truly remarkable game.

Hawkins had only been back with the Colts for a week. He went to Atlanta in 1966 in the expansion draft and was put on waivers this year after what was essentially a personality conflict with Atlanta Coach Norb Hecker. Before he had gone to Atlanta, Hawkins had been the captain of the Baltimore special teams, for which he had created exceptional *esprit de corps*. Sunday he played on all the Baltimore special teams and doubled in brass as a spread end after Perkins pulled a muscle. He caught three passes for 50 yards and the Colts' second touchdown, and on one punt he made a beautiful, swooping tackle, denying the Rams what could have been a long return.

Through the first three quarters, then, this had been a tight, well played and exciting game. When the fourth quarter started, the Colts were leading by 17-14 and certainly the sellout crowd of 60,238 (the 25th straight sellout for the Colts in Memorial Stadium) was justified in believing that Baltimore would win. The

Colts had demonstrated a remarkable ability to blunt the Ram pass rush, had managed (with the exception of Snow's two long scoring plays) to contain the enemy and had played with a certain flair that made one believe they were the better team.

But Los Angeles, too, is a good football team. In the old days the Rams might have quietly folded. But, in the words of Bernie Casey, a receiver Los Angeles obtained from San Francisco, this is a team with "something to prove."

"The personality of this team is determination and character," said Casey after the game. "If you want proof, we've been a hell of a second-half team all season long."

In a word and often wonderful fourth period, the Rams had to draw on all of their determination and character to salvage the 24-24 tie. As the quarter began, the Ram defense, now enjoying considerable success with straight-ahead ball power and speed, seemed at last to have begun to harness Unitas. But a rush of penalties—one for pass interference, two for grabbing face masks—negated their efforts. Instead of losing running yardage twice and suffering an incomplete pass, the Colts picked up some 35 yards before Unitas found Richardson with a 31-yard pass in the corner of the end zone for a touchdown, and the Colts led 24-14.

Then the breaks started going the Rams' way. Bruce Gossett hit the crossbar with a 47-yard field-goal attempt and the ball bounced through to give them the score. Trying to pass from the Colt 31, Unitas made a curiously feeble toss toward Matte. Maxie Baughan, the Ram linebacker, stepped in front of Matte, intercepted the ball and returned it to the Colt eight.

Three plays later Gabriel, dancing nimbly away from a gaggle of would-be Colt tacklers, waded until Casey, who was covered, came free in the end zone and hit him with a 16-yard touchdown pass. "Often the primary receivers were covered," Gabriel said. "Then I just went to the open man. This was supposed to be a quick pass, but it didn't work that way."

Someone said to him, "Good game, Gabe," and he looked up ruefully. "Good enough to tie," he said. "Right now, that's plenty good."

It may not be in December.

END

Ram Jack Snow, down after catching pass but unblocked and still free to run, clothes Colt Bob Boyd and heads toward goal line.

WHEN A DREAM RACE BECAME A NIGHTMARE

Burning to end Richard Petty a stock-car blitz for Plymouth, Ford went all out in Carolina—only to be beaten by a Chrysler sibling **by KIM CHAPIN**

This is not the happiest autumn of Henry Ford II's life. When he looks up from the bargaining table in Dearborn he sees Walter Reuther, and Walter has not been brook about lifting the auto workers' strike. When he looks at the racing news—news that was so much better earlier in the year when Ford's won at Sebring, Indianapolis, and Le Mans—he keeps seeing the name Rich and Petty. As all the South knows, Petty is a curly-haired young man from North Carolina who drives a blue Plymouth racing stock car and has no more respect for a Ford car than a weevil has for a cotton boll.

Last Sunday at Charlotte, N.C., Ford's racing people fired their heaviest weapons at Petty. Enough, they felt, was enough: a record \$426,250 in purses earned beating Fords, an unprecedented string of 27 victories in 45 starts, an unparalleled 10 straight wins in the events leading up to Charlotte's 500-mile race. And, as things turned out, Petty was indeed stopped. The only hitch was that the winner at Charlotte was not in a Ford. It was not A. J. Foyt or Mario Andretti or Indianapolis 500 glori, who rarely drive in NASCAR events and were brought in strictly to chase Richard. It was not Cale Yarborough or David Pearson, Dick Hutcherson or Donnie Allison in factory or near-factory Fords. It was a young pul of Richard's named Buddy Baker. Like Petty, the son of a stock-car hero of a generation ago, Sreaking around Charlotte's tracks 139-

mile oval at speeds above 150 mph, avoiding violent spins and collisions that brought out the yellow, accident lights nine times. Baker took the checkered flag before 60,000 hooting fans. In a Dodge.

Since Dodge is a sister division to Plymouth in the Chrysler Corporation that did not make the bidings for Henry Ford any more cheerful than if Petty himself had won. All of which means that some loud and lovely battles can be expected as this richest of stock-car seasons ends and the next begins, because Ford aims to get revenge and Chrysler intends to hang on to what it has.

Oh, Ford had done all right in the year's biggest races, winning twice at Daytona and Atlanta and once at Riverside 'Calif., but weeks had gone by since the last major victory. Meanwhile Petty had won the Southern 500 and dominated the short tracks that make up the bulk of the NASCAR circuit. But in the South last month's racing is ancient history. It's the model that won last Sunday's race that brings the people into the dealers' showrooms on Monday. Detroit is amazed at how many Monday shoppers are motivated by Sunday's winners. What gave Charlotte a special richness was the intensity of the Ford counterattack.

The week at Charlotte started well for Ford, with Cale Yarborough winning the pole in the qualifying runs, the single-lee Roy Yarborough nosing in second and off A. J. rating third. Petty quali-

fied only sixth but seemed as unconcerned and ominous as ever.

Flashing his no-nonsense smile, he went his unobtrusive way, occasionally nuzzling the end of a cigar (Petty does not smoke a cigar, he sips it). With his father Lee, gimped from the accident that ended his own career, and his brother Maurice heading his crew, Richard has the most efficient racing operation in NASCAR and probably the world. He spent a couple of days putting the final touches to his car, as it still had time to take a few spins in teammate G. C. Spencer's companion Plymouth to help it along. Every day during practice he was able to knock off work early enough for Papa Lee to get in a fast 18 holes of golf before nightfall.

"I'm a how little golf anybody else played. 'I get nightmares about Pet-ty,' said Hutcherson. 'I see him in my dreams.'"

"I got it worse," said Cale Yarborough. "I see him on the racetrack."

On the outskirts of Charlotte a few days before the race, John Holman of Holman & Moody, the firm that builds the best Ford stock cars, was thinking about Richard too. People wouldn't let him think about anything else. His insomnia is C. P. for "Competition Proven" and on one of the many C. P. signs at the track somebody had made it read "Catch Petty."

And even though Ford had the top three qualifiers, they soon lost one. The day after Lee Roy Yarborough sprinted



Buddy Baker streaks to victory at Charlotte in a Dodge Charger that survived wholesale collision, calamity and Dearborn's mightiest assault.

second fastest he took his No. 26 out for more practice and wound up with a fantastic set of pictures for his scrapbook. The fire extinguisher in the car went off, filling it with purple powder and blinding Lee Roy long enough so that he slammed into a guardrail. He crashed so hard that when everything stopped bouncing his car sat in one place, the engine in another and the front suspension somewhere else. That eliminated not only a top Ford challenger but also the race's defending champion.

Andretti, who had won the Daytona 500 back in February, brushed the wall early in practice and never did get his car straightened out. "When the car feels right," he moaned, "it won't go fast. When it goes fast, it doesn't feel right. I don't think I like stock cars very much." He started the race back in 17th position.

And Cale Yarborough, the winner of two major races for Ford during the season, had a pair of wild rides. On Thursday he was tight behind Lee Roy's car when the extinguisher blew; the skittering engine just missed him. Earlier that morning Bobby Allison's Dodge Charger dropped a drive shaft and sent a hunk of metal clean through Cale's radiator.

With Baker and Donnie Allison, Cale was one of the young chargers on the scene who did not feel comfortable racing unless his gas pedal was all the way down to the floor. "I drive flat out," said Cale, "because that's the way I drive and because a car nowadays can go flat

out for 500 miles. A guy told me, 'Cale, if you drop back about two car lengths going into those turns you can save an awful lot in tire wear.' Well, maybe so. But if Buddy and Donnie don't drop back, you can bet I won't. You might as well stand in front of a speeding train and yell, 'Stop!' It's just not gonna work. You see Fred Lorenzen there? He's quit racing but he's come back as an adviser to the Ford drivers. He said he quit because he couldn't keep up."

On Sunday, Cale and a number of the other Ford locomotives looked for a while as if they were going to have good news for Henry. For much of the first 300 miles Fords were 1-2-3-4. Petty, the hare the Ford hounds wanted to corner so desperately, had only 41 good laps. Then, ironically, he and Paul Goldsmith, in a sister Plymouth, tangled in the first turn. Paul spun into the guardrail and Petty sideswiped him. Goldsmith was eliminated. Petty drove gamely on, but without the door on the right side of his car. He moved up as high as fifth, though, before a faulty distributor put him out of the race.

Andretti's frustration continued. He never could quite challenge for the lead, and suffered the indignity of two heavy accidents, both within 11 laps, near the 300-mile mark. The second smashup also took Pearson's Ford out. Donnie Allison at one point was a strong third but blew his engine with less than 50 laps to go. Foyt stayed near the top, too, but his engine failed at about the

time Andretti was spinning toward retirement. Dick Hutcherson ultimately finished third.

And so Ford's challenge was in the hands of Yarborough. With just 60 miles to go, it appeared that he might make it. Baker had blown a tire after 375 miles. He stormed around the track and into the pits, scattering mechanics and NASCAR officials every which way, got it changed and stormed back out. Yarborough made what would have been his last pit stop for gas and a change of tires under a yellow light 35 laps later, and the fans tensed for a tight Ford-Dodge run for the flag. The run was over for Yarborough not long after his pit stop, however, when his engine overheated. Bobby Isaac's Dodge finished second to Baker's.

After an extravagant Victory Lane welcome from a blonde and hountful winner kisser, Baker said, "I whooped and holed so much when I saw that checkered flag that it's a wonder I didn't pop right out of the car."

Ford was by no means ready to give in and write off the rest of the season. The last major race is at Rockingham, N.C. on October 29, and Ford will be playing its very last ace. Jimmy Clark and Jochen Rindt of Grand Prix fame are expected to share a Ford in that 500-miler—each driving half the distance—and if they can't catch Richard Petty or Buddy Baker or anyone else with a Chrysler brand on him they at least ought to have plenty of fun trying. **END**

ORANGE JUICE WON A POLL BOWL

USC turned loose its fabulous O. J. Simpson and the Irish showed a shocking shortage of things like passers, runners and kickers as a No. 1 team played at South Bend last week. It wasn't Notre Dame **by DAN JENKINS**

The day of the Poll Bowl was sunny and pleasant, as Koute or Grimland would have ordered it, and into the tunnel of love, which is sometimes called Notre Dame Stadium, came this huge Fighting Irish football team in the blue shirts and gold hats—a team that had been picked by everyone from the sausage stringers of Padua to the cleaning ladies of Hunkie, La., as the best in the whole world. Notre Dame was No. 1 in the spring and in the summer and in the early fall, and even though it had lost a squeezer to Purdue it was still No. 1 in

the frozen hearts of the oddsmakers, who made it a 12-point favorite in this game against an old, familiar enemy, Southern California, which was really No. 1. The logic was that Notre Dame wins at home, even if it has to use truts in the secondary. When Notre Dame is decent, and in its own habitat, and all of that love, it wins. USC might have the speed and the cunning, but Notre Dame has spirit and ghosts and mystery and, above all, athletes. Especially athletes. Doesn't it?

Apparently not. Last week in the big-

gest game of the season, on this gorgeous Saturday, before a full house of 59,000 war-shapers, with banners commanding the Fighting Irish to beat a DEQUAN FOR THE CAPTAIN, and all such as that, Notre Dame came up without a summer, without a kicker and without a passer, three things that a football team sort of needs.

The result, of course, was the loudest plunk at South Bend in ages. The slick Bruins took advantage of the most mistakes—a supposedly good Notre Dame team is ever likely to make in a single day or year as they scored three



While Porcupine pleads for improvement, he

touchdowns and a field goal in one burst of about 13 minutes and left town with a 24-7 victory.

USC will certainly place this Saturday right up there among its more cherished memories—along with the 20-12 victory in 1939, which was the last time it won in South Bend, and the 16-14 victory in 1931, which also came among the Indiana sycamores—because the Notre Dame-USC game has been the most important rivalry in modern college football. Going into last week's 99th meeting since 1926, when two coaching titans named Knute Rockne and Howard Jones decided to test each other, the winner of the game has ended up as the national champion in somebody's poll 14 times. If this indeed was the Poll Bowl, as the Irish-Michigan State game was in 1966, then still another national champion will come out of the glorious series this season. About all the Trojans have to do now, after defeating Texas, Michigan State and Notre Dame, is han-

dle tenacious Washington this week in Seattle, and then pounce UCLA later on. Very puny schedule those Trojans are playing.

Without meaning to deflate the Trojans or spoil these hours of delirium in the lives of USC Coach John McKay and Orange Juice Simpson and Earl the Pearl McCullough, there were things about the Poll Bowl which did not suggest that this was a crashing together of two giants settling the national championships. It was, from beginning to end, a game with a weird, exotic quality, a jerky momentum *alibova* a comic over-

ture. For one thing, it featured a total of 10 intercepted passes and eight fumbles, which may be just a couple shy of a prison offense. The scoreboard clocks failed to function properly, which resulted in strange consultations at the sidelines and the feeling that somewhere down there a man with an egg timer was controlling sporting destinies. And the

game was repeatedly slowed down by the officials, who kept having little meetings among themselves, as if they were experimenting with a new set of rules.

Just as curious was the fact that with all of the offensive weapons out there on the field—O.J. and Earl the Pearl, the USC sprinters and Notre Dame's Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, who were called the Baby Bombers a year ago but now are Mr. Fling and Mr. Cling according to the publicity department—the game quickly settled into a raging and ragged battle of defenses.

With a fraction over four minutes left in the third quarter, the score was tied at 7-7, and each touchdown had been a marvelous gift of destiny. Notre Dame had driven three yards for its score in the second quarter after an interception. USC had gone 18 yards for its tying touchdown at the start of the third period after a fumble recovery. So far the heroes were not Orange Juice or Mr. Fling at all but two tough, busy linebackers

continued

defense tries to hem in elusive O. J. Simpson (27), who has gotten into the clear and left one eager Notre Dame defender standing on his hands.





USC Linebacker Adrian Young (80) intercepts pass intended for Notre Dame's Jim Seymour (84).

ORANGE JUICE *continued*

who were everywhere, making it seem as if possession of the ball was the surest way to lose the game and also to get yourself bruised.

One of these linebackers was Adrian Young, a USC senior born in Dublin, Ireland, which is only an incidental jolt to the Fighting Irish. As the game progressed he became Terry Hanratty's favorite passing target. He wound up with three of the five interceptions Hanratty threw, and he came up with a total of four in the game.

Hanratty, who is 10 pounds heavier and had been appearing more mature and confident than last season when he was a true sensation, could not believe what was happening to him. He would stand back there with good protection and then whip the ball to Adrian Young,

No. 50, white jersey, Trojan. He would then clasp both hands to his gold helmet in disbelief, go to the sideline and throw up his arms before Ara Parseghian, his bewildered coach.

In chronological order, Mr. Flang's frustrations were like this, with a third down and four yards to go at the USC 18-yard line, Hanratty threw the ball to Adrian Young. With a first down and four yards to go to the Trojan end zone, Hanratty and his fullback, Jeff Zimmerman, fouled up a handoff and USC recovered the fumble. With a first down near mid-field, Hanratty threw the ball to Adrian Young. With a second down at the USC 10-yard line, Hanratty threw the ball to Adrian Young. With a first down at mid-field, Hanratty threw the ball to—oops—Bill Jarosnyk, a USC

defensive back. And, finally, with a third down at mid-field, Hanratty threw the ball to USC Safety Mike Battle, who wove back 36 yards with it, running over Hanratty in the process and knocking him as cold as Notre Dame's hopes. Benevolently, some said. In all, the interceptions not only ruined two splendid scoring opportunities for Notre Dame in the first half, they set up the second-half points for USC.

"We had them figured," said John McKay, "and our people were able to get in the right places. Hanratty was off, and we got him to throw impetuously on a few occasions," which was a simple and straightforward explanation for the fact that Hanratty constantly aimed at the wrong receiver.

Hanratty's unusual bad form had the effect of keeping an abnormal amount of pressure on the Notre Dame defense, which was led by the second busiest linebacker in the stadium, Bob Olson, a dandy sophomore from Superior, Wis. Over and over Notre Dame's defense rescued the day, keeping the clamps on Simpson, just giving him bits and chunks, shutting him out on key downs and staying up with Earl McCullough when he raced deep.

Notre Dame's Friday night pep rally had exploded when Defensive Coach Johnny Ray, a husky fellow who jumps up and down and hollers and hugs his defensive unit when it comes off the field, had said, "Our defensive team is embarrassed because of the Purdue game. It won't be embarrassed tomorrow." And it wasn't, really. It just had to keep going back in—and nearly always in moments of stress. In addition, there is ample proof that nobody stops O. J. Simpson all day long. Without him, USC might be an ordinary team, but O. J. now has slashed and darted for 762 yards in only five games, which would be a whopping figure for a whole season.

When USC recovered that second-half fumble of the kickoff at the Irish 18 it was trailing 7-0, and it went to O. J. exclusively to get back into the game. He ran for three yards, for 11, for a loss of four, for six, for one. It was O. J. butting into those big blue shirts and Notre Dame was growling back, and every inch seemed precious. Finally, on fourth down for the final yard, O. J. somersaulted over the left side and scored his first of three touchdowns. He earned 38 times during the day for 160 yards, and

McKay has run him like that all year. "He is not in a union," smiles John. "He can carry the ball as many times as we want him to."

Down on the sideline, where things are always frantic around the Notre Dame bench, all of the defensive concern was naturally over Simpson, who has skinny legs but 9.4 feet. As a play developed, Johnny Ray, on the headset to the Notre Dame coaches upstairs, would shout as if he were yelling to the players. "Too many yards," he would say. "Too many." Or he would bellow, "Good, good . . . good shot, Bebo, no gain," when Olson slammed into the Trojans.

Johnny Ray was on the headset when O. J. broke away on an option sweep for the 36-yard touchdown that sent USC ahead. Quarterback Steve Sogge, a gritty 5'10" junior who was unawed by the atmosphere of South Bend ("I thought the stands would be a mile high and they would throw rocks and bottles at us," he said), worked the pitchout just right. O. J. had it—and daylight. "Too many yards," shouted Ray. "Too many." Simpson sprang clear. "Oh, no," Ray said. "Oh, no." No. Simpson was gone now, and so for all purposes, was the ball game, and Ray screamed "No. Oh, damn. Get away!"

A trifle more philosophical about the ordeal was Roger Valdivia, Notre Dame's smiling publicity director, who named Hanraity and Seymour the Baby Bombers last year after decaying against the Two Horsemen. "Simpson's nickname shouldn't be Orange Juice," said Roger. "It should be Oh Jesus, as in 'Oh Jesus, there he goes again.'"

But where, oh where, has Notre Dame gone? Where did the Irish leave it? Weren't there all these stars back from the 9-0-1 team of a year before, not just Hanraity and Seymour, but Coley O'Brien and Kevin Hardy and Tom Schoen and Rocky Bleier, plus the hottest sophomores anyone had ever seen, and Ara Parseghian's program in the full flower of its fourth year? Wasn't every body in an absolute flap that Notre Dame, with Parseghian with the recruits pouring in, with the legends resurrected, would dominate the college sport until there is a bowl game on the moon? So in just four games how did the empire crumble? It surely has, and the Irish look like they can lose again

any Saturday at Hanraity's 100th meeting.

Part of the answer, so the Irish think, is that Notre Dame is fighting a losing battle. Their recruiting is not that successful; they say. Their sophomores are coming too slowly, they say. Then spring game, which was on national TV, blew their potential all out of proportion, they say. Then, they knew they weren't a No. 1 team all along. They sadly miss Nick Iddle and Larry Conjar, who gave them running, they say. They sadly miss blockers like Tom Regner and George Gmeldeke, they say.

And then there have been irritating injuries. Jim Seymour has a dedicated finger on his left hand, and he tapes three fingers together, which might take away the marginal pass catch. Kevin Hardy has a sprained ankle and cannot move the way he should on defense, but more important, he cannot punt with

the hurt foot. Neither can anyone else on the Notre Dame team with a good punt (the punting average against USC was an absurd 28 yards). Moreover, Hardy's injury prevents him from playing end—he is not agile enough as yet.

So this forces the juggling of other talent. An offensive tackle, Bob Kuechberg, goes to defense, and the best right end, George Kunz, to tackle. The woes mount up.

There is some truth in all of that, to be sure. If you mix in the fact that Notre Dame's opponents are not only tougher but wiser to their ways, that the Irish confidence has suddenly been shaken and that the team is somehow bereft of running backs, what you come out with is an 8-2 team, or 7-1, or maybe even 6-4. Why, before it's over, Notre Dame could drop all the way to eighth or ninth in the polls.

END

Hanraity is assisted to after being knocked out while attempting a tackle after interception.



New York gets a top team at last

BY FRANK DEFORD

Did you see the news the other day? The President, the *Times* said, urged Republicans in Congress to put "nation above party." The Soviet foreign minister was reported "confident of accord" on new disarmament proposals. In New York the mayor was trying to cut off a strike by city employees. Tickets were on sale for Ingrid Bergman's first Broadway show in years. And the Knickerbockers lost their home opener at Madison Square Garden in overtime before 17,205 fans. All that happened just the other day—November 11, 1946.

So not much seems to have happened—with the Knicks or otherwise—since that day 21 years ago when they played their first game at Madison Square Garden. A few days before the Knicks had opened in the very first game in the history of the league that is now the National Basketball Association. They beat the never-to-be-forgotten Toronto Huskies 68-66 in Toronto. Leo Gottlieb led the Knicks with 14, and Stan Stutz, who still plays against the Globetrotters, went for nine. The Knicks should have quit then, in Toronto, when they were ahead. They never did as well in this country. As the NBA begins its 22nd season, only the Knicks and the Boston franchise are still around. Boston has won the title nine times, Philadelphia has won it, and St. Louis and Baltimore and Minneapolis and Syracuse and Rochester. New York is 0 for 21. If you had bet an even dollar on the Knicks to win the title that first year, and you had doubled the bet every year, you would now be \$2,097,151 in the hole.

So what, you say, monkeying with those phony figures. Well, "so what" is about the attitude that the Madison



Square Garden Corp.—which owns the Knicks—has taken toward the team's ineptitude over the years, while prospering from New York's love for the game. Twenty-one years the Knickerbockers have been losers, but they have kept bringing in the money. A total of 430,448 watched the Knicks play in the Garden last year, and just about every cent the 430,448 paid to get in, and for hot dogs and beer, went to the Knicks, because the NBA still has the quaint little rule that the home team gets it all. One day soon the magnificent new Garden atop Penn Station will be completed; it will hold 19,500 for the baskets and, win or lose, the Knicks will be even more of a bonanza. Last year the Knicks sold hardly 200 season tickets—not that that bothered them—but this year the figure will exceed 3,000.

New York is a pro town and a basketball town (see cover). The Rangers—also owned by the Garden—pack them in, too, but hockey draws from only one small loyal segment of the population. In New York the bar talk is basketball. The kids play it year round. Their fathers bet it. The newspapers—what is left of them—feature the Knicks more. The TV ratings for basketball beat those for hockey. And if, occasionally, there are not enough of the vocal locals to fill up the Garden, there are always the tourists, stumbling along, gaping at the tall buildings, weighted down by the vacation money in their pockets, *desperate* to spend it.

"Give us two downstairs in the center for *Mame* tonight," Short Brown Socks says to the man in the little ticket agency just off Broadway.

"Look, Mac, I can't get you into *Mame* till next July 16,"

the ticket man says. "Whaddya say, a basketball game instead? Got two good ones right in the side lodge at the Garden. Russell and the Celts are in town." Or Wilt is there, or Baylor and West, or Oscar, or Nate Thurmond, or Gus Johnson and the Baltimores, or *somebody*. For 21 years the Knicks have thrived as an opponent, as they say in boxing.

Now, at last, they are coming into their own. Already they have brought within range every team in the league except Philadelphia, and they will almost surely be the most exciting team in any sport in the Big Town. Whenever Bill Bradley is separated from the Air Force for real and the new Garden is opened (late January? February? Don't know? No opinion?) the vastly improved Knicks will be a product that, by itself, should carry the whole NBA to a bright new level.

Bradley's decision to turn pro merely acid the cake, for Coach Dick McGuire's team (page 39) is brimming with exciting talent, much of it new: Cazzie Russell, coming up to his collegiate brilliance; Walt Frazier, a smaller Elgin Baylor; Phil Jackson, from Deer Lodge, Mont., with his arms and legs dangling from his shoulders like a mobile; Freddie Crawford, a bona fide Comeback Kid; Captain Willis Reed, the stooid All-Star; Dick "Fall Back Baby" Barnett, the sloe-eyed sharpshooter; Dick Van Arsdale, the strawberry blond with the who-me? innocence; Emmette Bryant, a little dervish, Walt Bellamy, the saturnine center; and Butch Komives, who averaged 15.7 points last year but will have trouble making the second team this time.

continued

Reed, a powerful, deceptively soft-tempered man who powders a baby for Johnson & Johnson in one of their commercials, was made captain this year. "We've got so much talent," he says, "that to improve all we have to learn is to utilize each individual's special strength. That's what we've never done on the Knicks before. For instance, coming down the stretch, we've got to forget ourselves and look for Barnett. He's the best shot, so look for him. That's the way we've never learned to play before."

Reed plays the pivotal role in the history of the Knicks. At the moment he was chosen in the 1964 draft the entire fortunes of the team began to change. Before that draft the Knicks had suffered from bad judgment, bad luck and a haughty attitude that was the child of self-delusion. For a time, for instance, the Knicks operated smugly with a general manager who lived in Denver.

Reed, from Bernice, La. ("Two stop stops"), had averaged 26 points at Grambling, but both the pro scouts and the Olympic committee thought Luke Jackson of Pan American the best big man available. The Knicks, for their part, felt that Bad News Barnes of Texas Western was the best, and they made him their first pick in the '64 draft (Barnes never did live up to his promise, and the Knicks unloaded him for Bellamy.) Ironically, the team that rated Reed highest was the Los Angeles Lakers, a franchise that had been looking for a top center since George Mikan retired. The Lakers' late general manager, Lou Mohs, had the

'64 prospects ranked carefully on a numerical scale, with Reed at the top, but Owner Bob Short ordered Mohs to pick Walt Hazzard, the local (UCLA) white. So Reed, amazingly, was available to the Knicks and they took him, leading off the second round. They also took Komives (in a deal) on this round, Crawford on the fourth, and Bryant on the seventh. There are only 17 players left in the league from that 1964 draft. The Knicks picked five.

They also made four good choices the next year, although one of them, Dave Sialsorth, has since been retired by a heart attack. Last year the Knicks' first two choices made the league. This year Frazier and Jackson are two of the best rookies in the NBA. The Knicks now have the best and the most extensive scouting setup in the league, and the best individual scout in Red Holzman, and they are paying off Holzman starts keeping tabs on prospects in high school and follows them through college. Jackson, for example, lost 20 pounds from his slim frame because of a blood virus last year, and many other scouts, unaware of this, wrote him off as too tired and skinny. Holzman knew better.

It hardly used to be this way. In the 11 years before the Reed draft, the Knicks made a succession of selections that defy logic, common sense, luck, credibility and, possibly, the law of averages. Even Pharaoh's Egyptians, stacked up against Jehovah, got out from under after seven years. The Knicks peaked in 1953 and 1954 with teams featuring Dick McGuire that were good enough to win the Eastern



Driving here against Chicago, Cazzie Russell will have the opportunity to do more of the same as he moves to the front line.

Division. But there were no able replacements, and they gradually deteriorated. Since 1953 only twice did the Knicks make intelligent first-round picks—in 1955 with Ken Sears and in 1959 with Johnny Green.

These aside, their decisions defy sympathetic understanding. Walter Dukes, drafted in '53, played one year with New York, averaging 7.8, and then began his eccentric hagra about the league until he ran out of franchises. The next year the Knicks selected Jack Turner. You remember Jack Turner. He averaged 2.5 in his one year. In 1956 it was Ron Shavlik, who managed to play 72 minutes in the NBA. Brendan McCann was chosen in 1957 over Sam Jones. Brendan averaged 1.9. The following year the Knicks passed over such possibilities as Hal Greer, Wayne Embrey and Dave Gambee in favor of Pete Brennan. Pete lasted two games.

Darrell Imhoff was picked in 1960 instead of Tom Sanders of NYU or Lee Shaffer. In 1961 Larry Siegfried, Ray Scott and Tom Meschery were available, but the Knicks took Tom Stith—Crawford's roommate at St. Bonaventure and the poor Stith never had a chance to prove them right. His career was quickly ended by TB. The next year was a dilly. The Knicks passed over Zelmo Beaty, John Havlicek, Terry Dischinger, Chet Walker and two players from St. John's—LeRoy Ellis and Kevin Loughery—to settle on Paul Hogue. He staggered out of the league the following November. By then, in the 1963 draft, New York had chosen Art Heyman over Nate Thurmond and Gus Johnson. The team's record reached 21-69, worst in the league. The Knicks were lowest in shooting, rebounds, assists and points scored. They were a great opponent.

The ascendancy from this nadir has not been startling (New York was not even 500 last year), but it has been a steady movement since ownership accepted the revolutionary notion that the basketball men should run the show. Holzman, for instance, has long been acknowledged as a fine judge of talent, but his recommendations often were overruled in favor of a player with a name that was owed to a college publicity man. "We were grabbing anyone and going nowhere," says General Manager Eddie Donovan, a friendly, warm man with a teenage crew cut, five kids and a home where he was born, in Elizabeth, N.J. It is Donovan, working smoothly with McGuire and Holzman, who deserves much credit for the reconstruction.

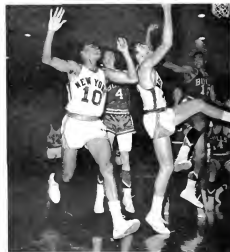
Donovan's shift from coach to general manager, in 1964, was a smart move, he simply did not have the temperament for the job. On the other hand, McGuire loves it. "When Dick was out of coaching," says his wife, Terry, "there was just no life in him. He lost all interest. I'd rather have him coaching and ulcerated than relaxed and miserable."

McGuire succeeded Harry Gallatin in November 1965. The players were delighted, McGuire is a convivial, pleasant leader. "I still have trouble getting over the fact that I just can't go out and have a beer with the players," he says. He is going to have even more difficulty containing himself on the bench this season, because a new NBA rule prohibits coaches from smoking there. "Oh my God," he says, "I guess I'll just have to chew gum." In turn, this will create not only the psychological problems of withdrawal but even

greater ones of communication. Listening to McGuire talk is trial enough, trying to understand what he says while he is chewing gum will require the players to achieve a new range of audio perception. McGuire speaks in slurred bursts, interspersed with quick breaths and scattered allusions to "whadyacallit." The bursts roll off faster and faster until, like a light appearing at the end of a tunnel, the conclusion of a thought comes forth with comparative clarity. For instance: "We should be a good running club. The trouble we have had is that, whadyacallit, the middleman, the middleman on the break, we've never had a good man in the middle. So we would come down and nobody would know what to do with it and, whadyacallit, someone would end up taking a thirty-foot jumper. But I think this year maybe we have the middleman. It could be Bradley or whadyacallit, runner. But when Bradley comes he will have to prove that he is better than the other guys."

McGuire laughs easily and graciously at references to his elocution or lack of it. At 41 he just accepts the fact that he is an incurable mumbler. "The kids are very good about it now," he says. "They just nod." Why not? They are on their way to bringing a new pride to the Garden, a strange, fresh winter experience for New York. Pretty soon—who knows?—maybe even a whadyacallit, a championship.

ON SUCCEEDING PAGES: AN APPRECIATION OF THE PROS, NBA SCOUTING REPORTS AND AN ESTIMATE OF THE NEW NBA



Sharp rookies Frazier (10) and Jackson chase rebound.

On the Road in All Star Low-cuts

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONSTANTINE MARIOS

The pros are on the road somewhere—in Boston, say, where the locker rooms are pungent reminders of 19th century shantytowns, where Sam and K. C. Jones dressed through eight championships in a corner behind a pipe clothes rack. On the court smoke is already swallowing the banners that tumble from the ceiling. In the visitors' locker room they have just about finished their dressing, putting on uniforms still soggy with stale sweat from the night before. A few are crinkly from drying on a steamy hotel radiator, which has not removed the smell



but has merely masked it for a while. Finally, over taped ankles and two pairs of socks, they pull on the All Star low-cuts. Nowadays almost everyone but a few big forwards and centers wears low-cuts—or oxfords, as the shoe people call them. Chewing gum is passed around and the stickum

A guy like Tommy Hawkins, who has unusually small hands, cokes his fingers with the clammy goo. Someone comes in with the ball they will take out on the court. The players glance up. These men play 100

games a season; no one has been pining for a basketball, but as soon as one appears, everybody suddenly just has to have it. "Over here a second!" "Hey, baby!" They slap for it, reach for it, grab it, dribble it and just sort of fondle it. They make their living with a basketball



There still are only about 135 players in the NBA, and they all get

to know each other. It used to be even closer. Walk into the right bar after a doubleheader a few years ago and you would find 35 of the 40 players. Few of the new ones go into bars now, there aren't many half-time cigarette smokers left



either. The pros still play cards as much as ever, but not as desperately as they used to. If the plane was five minutes late they would deal 'em quick on a suitcase over the sink in the nearest men's room. Get two hands in anyway.

It seems that the pros are always at airports,



waiting in a giant phalanx, glaring at the little people who cleverly remark all winter long, "Hey, you must be a basketball player." They always seem to be waiting for their luggage, garment bags full of more 46 extra-longs slung over their shoulders. Most of them slim and stylish, they are probably the best dressers among pro athletes. (Football players have shapes inimical to good fashion, baseball players wear alpaca sweaters.) "I'll bet you have trouble sleeping," is another thing they hear again and again, particularly in hotel elevators, where their



height is most obvious. Actually, they sleep till noon, comfortably catty-cornered in their beds.

They ride down and stand in the lobby, shuffling. They find something to eat at 4. It is past 6 now and time to fill up some cabs with their legs for the ride to the arena. If it's Boston tonight the floor might be sweating from





the ice rink underneath, so a fast break could end up in a rooster-tail spray. If it's New York, maybe the last time at the old Garden, where the gamblers—those paint predators—perch, a dribble can slip away if it hits a dead spot on the ragged floor. Or maybe it's Philly, where a P. A. announcer named The Zink awards lucky-number prizes; or the Cow Palace in San Francisco, where not even the chill indoor winds can dispel lingering bovine odors.

The arenas are changing, however, and the crowds with them. The sound of the new clientele is shrill, and it oohs. The women are there. Baseball is too subtle for most of them; football too distant and anonymous. But basketball is a close, emotional thing. The faces are clear—there are even expressions—and the huge muscular bodies glistening in the light are larger-than-life. Ben Kerner, the St. Louis owner, once a master scuffer in a carpetbag



league but now almost avuncular in this prestigious era, sweeps an arm about the Hawks' arena. "Lots of seats," says Ben, "but not enough good seats for today's crowd. They want in close. It's the businessman or the family trade. So it's one more dollar for courtside. So what's that—one less Scotch and soda, right?"

The game is changing, too, always faster and harder, with the steady thump of sliding bodies, the defense working futilely to stop the shooters from taking over completely. Critics sneer, but the rampant offense has only made the people in the good seats want even more.

Toting their little bags of dirty, wet uniforms, the players file out after the game. They are hunched—not to deny their size—but against the cold. Their massive overcoats cover tailored suits or blazers that are creased permanently by seat belts. But they will sleep well. Tomorrow, on the way to the airport, they can worry about the flight to the next stop.



SCOUTING REPORTS

**...on the NBA
and a look at
the new league**

THE NBA

76ers — A dynasty of Honnumms

Celtics — Closer to third than first

Knicks — Close to something, finally

Bullets — An Earl for Lord Baltimore

Pistons — Plenty of coaching, anyway

Royals — The O and a lot of trouble

Warriors — Great with Nate. Rick who?

Lakers — Will JKC leave VBK alone?

Bulls — Red is always good for a laugh

Hawks — Hudson is in the wrong uniform

Rockets — You tell me your dream . . .

Sonics — . . . I'll tell you mine

THE ABA

*The basketball may be red, white and blue, but
there had better be lots of the long green*

EAST PHILADELPHIA

Now that Wilt Chamberlain has decided not to acquire the Los Angeles franchise in the ABA or become a split end for the Jets or the heavyweight champion of the world but instead to play basketball for a salary approaching \$250,000, the 76ers must be favored to win again. With the exception of Forward Dave Gambee, who hardly played down the stretch, the entire team that went 66-13 last year is back, reporting a little fat but very happy with the new contracts they earned as world champions. In turn, the 76ers management raised ticket prices to 56 seats (up 50%), but season-ticket sales still rose by 400%. The team is moving to the beautiful new Spectrum. This \$12-million arena seats 15,000, some 4,600 more than could be sandwiched into Convention Hall, a ghastly old facility where Philadelphia's finest would lounge under the No Smoking signs and enjoy a cigarette or two while debris rained out of the stands upon the visitors. It will not seem quite like Philadelphia basketball as the clear, clean Spectrum, but the fans will at least appreciate the ample parking space. During the summer Coach Alex Hannum married the former Marica Schmid, who is the administrative assistant to General Manager Jack Ramsey, and who, before that, worked in the front offices at both San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Hannums could run a pro franchise better than most top-heavy Parkinsoned organizations do. By themselves they may be the next pro basketball dynasty, wherever they coach, manage or assist. Hannum is adept at every phase of the operation. He is alone at the top; even such a comparable multitalented as Vince Lombardi of the Packers reveals a flaw (public relations), but Hannum has shown none. He has reached a prominent position as professional coaching. His team will have no substantial changes at all. The three forwards—Chet Walker, Luke Jackson and Billy Cunningham—supply all required corner talents. Wilt plays the full 48. The backcourt is so crowded that Maiti Guokas, who had a key role in the team's playoff success, will have difficulty getting on the court, because Bill Melchionni is back from the Army and Larry Costello, at 36, has made an amazing recovery from knee surgery. Wally Jones became a star in Costello's absence and must play, too. Hal Greer is aging (31) and has arthritis in his right, or shooting, shoulder, but he still can find the picks and the basket. The 76ers lost their first draft choice, Craig Raymond, to the Italian pro league, but any rookie help would be minimal and none is needed. Cunningham and Jones, coming into their prime, can be expected to score more. Otherwise, with Wilt setting up his teammates and dominating the opposition, the machine should run just about as it did last year.

BOSTON

Obviously mindful of the skyrocket bonuses achieved by football's young profilers, NBA rookies this year entered negotiations equipped with lawyers, agents and package deals, and with a new league just around the corner. The bargaining power plays worked in football and some places in the NBA, but in Boston the lawyers and agents met Red Auerbach. Come on in, Mr Sharp-and-Cunning, said Red. Hello. Goodbye. Slam Auerbach spent much of the summer throwing ten-percenters out of his office and into the streets. With like dispatch, Bill Russell handled the rookies. "At least I knew their names," says Auerbach.



The Celtic coach and his star usually see eye to eye.

"Russell calls them by number." The coach is not much easier on the veterans, for this is A.D.—After Dynasty—and Boston must get its old bones in shape to win back the glory. The Celtics won more games last season than in all but two of their championship years, but still lost the division by eight. It was a difficult year for Coach Russell, whose concentration on scoring and rebounding suffered, perhaps in proportion to the time he had to spend thinking about time-outs, substitutions and minutes left. It is interesting, though foolhardy, to speculate whether Auerbach coaching, and Russell playing full time, would have produced any different result. But the thoughts are there. Russell works his men hard, but no harder than he works Russell. He presided during the off season for the first time in 10 years and expects to play a lot more offense. This will come in short bursts, enabling coach to get the most out of himself, then catch his breath while Wayne Embry performs in his place. The Celtics finally lost K.C. Jones (to the Brainerd coaching job) but have picked up Tom Thacker, who sat out last year after wailing on the Cincinnati bench. Thacker is known in the trade as a "dancer." He dives for loose balls, a style of play Boston fans love, and he should supply, along with rookie Rick Wrightman, adequate defense and ball handling in K.C.'s old spot. Boston still has Sam Jones and Larry Siegfried to score from backcourt, Bailey Howell to score up front and John Havlicek to score from anywhere, including the MJTA trucks. Tom Sanders, ready to recover from bad knees and a bad year, is the defensive forward, and Don Nelson is also available. The league has been waiting a long time for this team to disintegrate, and it is conceivable that if the aged became infirm at the same time, the Celtics would collapse. But one of the casualties would

have to be the coach because he makes up for lapses by everyone else, and Bill Russell is too prideful and still too hungry to permit such a thing.

NEW YORK

Expansion and the new league have robbed nearly every NBA roster of depth and trading material, and the supply of returning academicians has not been sufficient to fill all the vacancies. The Knicks, of course, are the exception to this. They and the Supreme Court are the only squads with All-America Rhodes Scholars, and the Court is only eight deep. The Knicks possess an overkill of talent—12 good men—and Coach Dick McGuire is well aware that this could lead to a lot of fidgeting on the bench, particularly after Bill Bradley returns from the Air Force (no later than January). "I have an idea," McGuire says, "that the management didn't spend all that money to have him sit next to me." The Knicks would like to trade, but who else can? With Willis Reed playing out of his natural position at forward, the logical key man in any trade would be Center Walt Bellamy, huge and talented but moody and inconsistent. But the Knicks are not about to hand Bellamy to any passing stranger for a handful of beans. They would like to get a top forward in return, and it is no secret that they have coveted Jerry Lucas of Cincinnati and Dave DeBusschere of Detroit. Unless a trade develops, Bellamy will remain in the pivot. Captain Reed, a diligent, willing worker, has adjusted a bit more each season to the corner, but he appears to be just too big ever to deal with quick forwards. Possibly to spare himself the embarrassment of getting passed in his tracks on a drive, Reed tends to play back from his man and give away the easy outside shot instead. Dick Van Arsdale, on the other hand, is hardly 6'4", but a strong, smart, defensive bulwark in the other corner. The plethora of guards has allowed McGuire to switch Cazzie Russell to forward, and although Cazzie still overplays on defense, the move is beneficial to both team and player. His offense, anywhere on the court, is brilliant and versatile. Phil Jackson, an outstanding rookie, and Neil Johnson could be regulars elsewhere. The backcourt is jammed. Butch Kornivas, who does not have the temperament to sit, must be traded if he cannot play regularly. Emmette Bryant understands he will have to be content with special, spot play, but Fred Crawford moved way up with a superb exhibition season. Dick Barnett must be rated the No. 1 guard now, but it is not inconceivable that the Knicks will open the playoffs with Rookie Walt Frazier—a flawless, poised leader—and Bradley as the starting backcourt. There is no guarantee that Bradley will be an overnight sensation. Compared to players in this league, he is not fast and sgrawty and, like Cazzie, he is an in-between size. But if he can step right in after almost three years' absence from top-level competition, there is no reason why New York cannot move into Boston's class this year and, by next fall, be the team to beat in the NBA.

DETROIT

Like the three monkeys on the log, Donnis Butcher, Dave DeBusschere and Paul Seymour see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil—at least, of each other. It's just what they're thinking that has Pistons fans curious. The whole Detroit coaching situation has fallen right past curious all the way down to ludicrous. When the Pistons had a shot

at a playoff berth last March, Owner Fred Zollner made Player-coach DeBusschere a player and Assistant Coach Butcher a head coach. With DeBusschere concentrating on playing and Butcher on coaching, the Pistons made a sparkling finish, losing six of their last eight games and missing the playoffs. After the season General Manager Ed Coil retained Butcher as head coach and kept DeBusschere as key player. Zollner, however, announced he was hiring Seymour, former head coach at Syracuse and Baltimore, as "assistant coach and head scout." Seymour, normally discreet, did not keep it a secret that Zollner had asked him to coach Detroit a long time ago, saying, "If things go wrong this year, I suppose they'll be looking around to me." With that stirring vote of confidence, Butcher signed a one-year contract and everyone went skipping off to training camp. Contrary to more recent pronouncements, all this amounted to Michigan's first adventure in brainwashing. It is a quirk of fate that, at a time when Detroit probably has its best team in years, this zany mess around the coaching position should arise along with the shift of the Pistons from the West to the East. In the West, Detroit probably would be in contention for the championship; in the East, the Pistons may not make the playoffs. Along the front line, Detroit lacks size but not scoring. Terry Dischinger returns from a two-year hitch in the Army, slower by a step and with sore feet, but he has been an All-Star three times and, all alone, will make the Pistons better. This year DeBusschere, who is Detroit's best rebounder, will not have to worry about rapping a teammate with a fine and then asking him to pass the ball. John Trosvant is a veteran bench forward while skinny rookie Sonny Dove has a fine touch in close. Center is the problem. Joe Strawder is inconsistent and no respecter

continued



Behind Butcher, an ex-coach and maybe a future one.

of training rules, and Tressvant is the only backup man. But there are lots of guards, led by last season's Rookie of the Year, Dave Bing. Bing averaged 20 points a game, working well with Tom Van Arsdale and Eddie (The Golden Arm) Miles. After holding out for more gold, Miles finally signed, but this season's hotshot rookie, Jimmy Walker, probably will get his job. Walker will get somebody's job, it's just a matter of time.

CINCINNATI

Frustrated for so long in their pursuit of Boston and Philadelphia, the Royals developed some sloppy habits, especially on defense. They have a new coach, Ed Jucker, who appears intent on correcting those habits, but this is essentially the same team as last year's, while Detroit and New York have strengthened themselves immensely. If Jerry Lucas has another 50-50 year—his knees were very bad during the exhibitions—and the caliber of play at center doesn't improve, Cincy may well be chasing five Eastern teams instead of two. The middle will continue to be a headache no matter who coaches. Connie Dierking, a six-year veteran, is as good as he ever will be, which is decently competent but not in a class with the supercenters. Walt Wesley has a tendency, to use Jucker's kind word, to play "spasmodically." Others say he is simply indifferent. Something of a surprise in the Royal camp is Jim Fox, who played center at South Carolina and spent two years in Europe's pro leagues. He is 6'10" and fast for his size, and Jucker used him in a corner during exhibitions. But he may well end up in the pivot. Opposite Lucas up front, Wayne Hairston seemed a changed man for a while, but he is back to sulking and may never realize his potential. Defense is Jucker's specialty, of course. He won two NCAA championships at the University of Cincinnati chiefly with his defense and with a deliberate, cautious offense to complement it. In the pros the offense will have to be scrapped in favor of a running game, which is fine with Jucker. "If I had had Oscar," he says, referring to his college-coaching days, "we would have run them, too." For a while, it looked as if the Royals would not have Oscar Robertson this season, either. He held out for more than \$100,000 and probably got it, despite the fact that no one believed Oscar would try to jump to the ABA. His strong bargaining position stemmed simply from his immense talent. As his backcourt partner Adrian Smith said, "Oscar doesn't pick up a ball all summer, and then he comes in and kills you." Jucker hopes to relieve Oscar of some of the ball-handling responsibility he has assumed over the years. "I'd rather he finished a play than started it," Jucker says, but then he would have to find someone else to do the starting. He won't find his man on the bench; as a matter of fact, he won't find much help there at any position.

BALTIMORE

Here come the Baltimore Bullets. Bang, bang, bang. Lose, lose, lose. The Bullets are appropriately named; every man is a gun. This contributes greatly to the mass confusion that has been the hallmark of the NBA's first expansion team. The Bullets outdid even themselves in the change-for-the-better department last season by upping their average of one coach a year. The Bullets had three—practically within a month. Change-for-the-better-No. 3 was Gene Shue, the former ABA-NBA guard. But Gene didn't have

a chance. Baltimore went from the dark into the dungeon, gave up more points than anybody else and lost 61 games, binging away to the end. Shue, a soft-voiced, pleasant man with conservative suits and a triangle crew cut, deserves better. But with the material at hand, it is difficult to see how even a fresh start and admirable optimism can change the situation. "This gunning complaint is a bad rap," he says. "Boston used to win with a whole stable of shooters. If we were winning, this thing wouldn't even come up." Perhaps in an effort to get the ball to change hands once it passes midcourt, Shue has installed a somewhat new offense. *Revolutionary*, in fact, for the Bullets. Everything revolves around the post man, with guards and forwards cutting and screening and rolling and weaving, looking for the close-in, open shot. This maneuvering, however, will only follow a breakdown of the fast break, which is what Shue is really eager for his Bullets to have a go at. He is very high on preparation and conditioning and thinks he can steal a few games early in the year. Baltimore has one of basketball's most exciting players in Cornerman Gus (Honeycomb) Johnson, when he gets the ball. As a means to that end, Gus has become one of the NBA's best defensive forwards. Leroy Ellis is the center with Bob Ferry and Ray Scott adding muscle up front. The shooters in the backcourt are Don Ohl and Kevin Loughery with little Johnny Egan coming off the bench. Jack Mann had a good rookie year and a better pre-season. But the man expected to make the biggest change is rookie Earl Monroe, last year's college scoring champion from Winston-Salem. He is full of flash, may get the whole team running and maybe, just maybe, Baltimore will go lose, win, lose a few times.

Baltimore's Shue has the shooters—too many of them.



CONTINUED

THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

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WEST SAN FRANCISCO

It took a while for the Warriors to adjust to the change from Alex Hannum, the tactician, to Bill Sharman, the fundamentalist. Hannum used a few set plays, but for the most part he expected players to improve with experience. Sharman worked his men hard on precise execution of set plays, the way he used to work himself as a Celtic, and he took the time to pick on individual faults, with the aid of an instant-playback TV set. At first this embarrassed some players and was resented, but in the long run it was appreciated and certainly has paid off. Another of Sharman's practices that inspired grapes was his insistence on calling morning workouts after a tough game or long plane ride the night before. He believes that, if left alone, many players will sleep all day before a game and will approach it in a lethargic state. One may sleep on his arm or in a cramped position or uncomfortably in a strange bed and not realize he isn't completely himself. The workout, Sharman feels, shakes out the deadness, and if his players do not agree, they are not complaining about it as much as they did. Sharman also favors a balanced attack, last year, even with Barry averaging 36, seven of his men were in double figures. Without Rick and two other starters, Tom Meschery and Paul Neumann, the Warriors are still the class of the West, and the chief reason, of course, is Nate Thurmond. Sharman will not have to change his offense much. Thurmond will get the ball again and start the fast break. This may well be the year Nate becomes the best big man in the league; he has always been the key man for the Warriors. Last year they were nine games ahead of St. Louis and pulling away when he broke his hand on February 10. He missed 16 games and the Warriors won by only five. In the offseason, San Francisco acquired Rudy LaRusso, one of the NBA's foremost policemen, to strengthen their tall young forefront of Fred Hetzel and Clyde Lee, and they drafted powerful but unskilled Dave Lattin. At the guards, Sharman will start Jeff Mullins, a better percentage shooter than Barry, and Al Attles, who is speedy and a good defender. Jimmy King, who is losing his hair but not his touch, comes off the bench well. At a Nevada nightclub last month, Comedian Don Rickles told an audience that included some touring NBA players: "Without Barry, the San Francisco Warriors will be working at summer camps." True enough, with Rick this would be a great team. Without him it is merely excellent.

ST. LOUIS

All together now, sing along with Rich. Let's try that old favorite. *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis*. Indeed, Hawk fortunes will fluctuate with the number of times Coach Richie Guerin can meet his star, Lou Hudson, in St. Louis rather than at some Army orderly room. Hudson went on reserve active duty in September and will be in for at least four months. Guerin is hoping Hudson can get a few passes for spot play early in the season, for Lou's scoring and rebounding make St. Louis a threat against anybody. But the Hawks cannot count on a full-time Hudson until January, and the team will be further impeded by the absence of Guerin as a player. If Seattle hadn't drafted him in the expansion pool, Guerin certainly would have suited up after the Army snatched Hudson. Now St. Louis is drastically short on experienced guards and, more important, lacks leadership on the floor. The Hawks will be better de-



Short of guards, Coach Richie misses player Guerin.

fensively in backcourt, for Guerin relied on brains rather than speed, but Richie's "instant" coaching—spying openings from backcourt, reacting to defensive changes, passing on knowledge of offensive mistakes—gave this young team a unique advantage last season. It cannot help but be missed. St. Louis has an old guard, a new guard and a kind of blue guard in Len Wilkens, Dick Snyder and Joe Caldwell. Wilkens, still a sleight-of-hand artist at 30, is less than rugged and needs rest more frequently. On nights when he is on the bench, the Hawks will be forced to go with Snyder, who is a natural forward and a strong defender, and Caldwell, who is a natural forward and is not happy when he plays elsewhere. Ball handling on these occasions will be at a premium. St. Louis made little effort to sign Duke's Bob Verga, who ended up at Dallas in the ABA, but George Lehman, from the Eastern League, is a good shooter and may solve some of the playmaking difficulties. On the boards the Hawks are not doves. Only Philadelphia is stronger. Paul Silas and Bill Bridges, who could be the league's best rebounding forward, start in the corners, and Zelmo Beaty is a center who can shoot. Gene Tomohlen adds even more muscle. Help may come from Jay Miller, who played with Akron in the AAL last winter, but without Hudson and with Caldwell in backcourt the Hawks have little scoring power up front. Their most serious problem, however, may be at the box office. Owner Ben Kerner, apparently tired of changing coaches, has been hunting wistfully at changing cities. If the Hawks' shopping-center visits, postgame band shows and similar promotions don't stir up some more fans, Kerner may have Guerin singing a different tune. Maybe *Moon Over Miami*.

continued

LOS ANGELES

The man over there in the checked sports coat, tapered slacks and tassels on his shoes is Butch van Breda Kolf, lately of Princeton. He coaches the Lakers. The man sitting at midcourt yelling and high-signing it at the players and referees is Jack Kent Cooke. He owns the Lakers. The girl over there, the blonde, is Doris Day. She likes to see the Lakers win. Doris, however, is the only superstar in the Lakers' camp not disposed to crippling injury and, presumably, one of very few that JKC has not been of a mind to trade or drive out of the city. Cooke has gotten rid of six from the squad that came within a basket of a world championship in 1966, and in return has acquired T' Mel Counts, who is slow and fouls too much, and Bud News Barnes, who, though 40 pounds lighter these days, has a knee that is really bad news. Cooke lost the Lakers' first draft choice this year when the league office petalized him for trading Rudy LaRusso and then trying to get him back. He has two first-rate men in General Manager Fred Schaus and Van Breda Kolf, but past performance does not indicate he will let them run the show. The new coach played a corner for the Knicks 17 years ago and, though he has been in the college game ever since, he has always been an advocate of the running, foulance style that marks the pros. VBK is tougher and more abrasive than Schaus and highly critical of the league generally. "Veteran pros," he says, "are notoriously weak on fundamentals. They don't know how to move with out the ball, and their passing is terrible. They have an idea that if they click with a sensational pass they have accomplished something. I want them to make passes that figure to work at least 80% of the time, not one time in 10." Considering the opposition in the

NBA, van Breda Kolf may be dreaming fondly of the glory days at Princeton by the end of the season. The Lakers' one-two punch scored 55 points a game last year, but Elgin Baylor can no longer go to his left the way he used to, and now Jerry West will miss the first four weeks of the season with a fractured hand. Archie Clark and Jerry Chambers are two improving young players, and Gail Goodrich has the incentive to prove Cooke was right in keeping him over Walt Hazzard and Jim King. But Tom Hawkins is slowing down, and Darrall Imhoff tires easily and does not score enough. A hale and hearty West and Baylor could keep this team in contention in its comparatively weak division. The prolonged absence of either is a sure guarantee that the Lakers could slip out of sight.

CHICAGO

Last season the new Chicago Bulls not only made the Western Division playoffs, but they made it in Chicago. Notorious for their low opinion of pro basketball, Chicagoans had bought only 350 season tickets, and it looked for a time as if the Bulls would be the third Chicago team in the NBA either to move or disband. Fortunately, they developed a strange charisma that fascinated local citizens—quite possibly as a result of Coach Johnny Kerr's relaxed but sparkling performances at press conferences—and by the end of the season they were averaging 6,200 a game. As one Chicagoan put it, "We still don't like pro basketball, we just like the Bulls." The team combined speed, defense and hustle to surprise the rest of the league. "We called it SDH," says Kerr. "It's like LSD and it affected us in the same way. It put us out of this world." But this is their second year, season-ticket sales are up to 1,000, the Bulls have a new home in the Chicago Stadium, which seats 17,910—and they will be expected to win games. Surprise was their chief asset last season. "This season," says Kerr, who always has an answer, "we have experience." The Bulls are led by All-Star Guard Guy Rodgers, who sets up scores like Johnny Unitas does for the Colts. He averaged 42 minutes a game last season and set an NBA record with 908 assists. In the backcourt with him is Jerry Sloan, who improved remarkably when he started playing regularly for Kerr. Johnny picked up Reggie Harding from Detroit to back up 6'8" Erwin Mueller at center. Last season Kerr had Mueller use his 235 pounds just to block out the opposing center while the other Bulls fought for the rebound, and the Bulls outrebounded the opposition in 50 of their games, with Sloan, a guard, the team leader. But in games against the supercenters (Chamberlain, Russell, Thurmond) the Bulls could win only five of 22. Bob Boozer, the scoring Bull, will start at one forward, and returnees Barry Clemens, McCoy McLemore and Jim Washington will alternate at the other. Smart, steady Keith Erickson will wing. A fine all-round athlete, Erickson did not concentrate on basketball until he entered the pros two years ago. He appears to have caught up with his contemporaries at last. The Bulls will need a lift since they did not fare well in the draft. Unaccountably passing up Walt Frazier, who was just downstate, they chose Clem Haskins of Western Kentucky. A college forward, Haskins is still a bit unsure of himself at guard and will not help the team much while he adjusts. With Kerr and Rodgers, the Bulls have skillful leadership and should make the playoffs again. That is, if some upstart expansion team doesn't surprise them too often.



Butch may yearn for the happy days of Old Nassau.

SEATTLE

Al Bianchi played (occasionally) under Alex Hannum at Syracuse, first coached (briefly) when Hannum would get booted out of a game and last year assisted (modestly) his buddy John Kerr with the Chicago expansion team. The Righteous Brothers, as Kerr and Bianchi were known, took the Bulls to the playoffs employing the fluid, penetrating Hannum offense and some defensive innovations of their own. Chicago, for instance, used the switch on defense more than any other team in the league and overcame some of the resulting bad match-ups in their scrappy stride. In Seattle, with his own expansion team, Bianchi is using the same general style. "Hey, who's going to change the plays, you or me?" he asked Kerr the other day. Actually, the SuperSonics won't have many plays anyway, but will depend on a running game, with snappy Walt Hazzard at the controls. The trouble with that idea is that the team lacks a good rebounder to get the ball for the break, and without the boards Seattle may fall down and go Sonico-boom. Tom Meschery, diverted from the Peace Corps, will lead the team in rebounding from one forward spot, but the other corners—Bud Olsen, Henry Akin and first-draft choice Al Tucker—are all better shooters than retrievers. Tucker is the only speedy forward to fill the lanes on the break. Dore Murrey could be the starting center, but he is only 6'8", and while his hands are quick they are not so sure. The backup, George Wilson, is also 6'8", with an unnerving tendency to foul everything that moves in his vicinity. The Sonics are hoping that their second college-draft pick, Bob Rule of Colorado State, will turn out to be a sleeper. He comes prepared for that role, since he has not been in shape since high school. Tramer Jack Curran was amazed to discover that Rule, who carries 230 pounds on his 6'9" frame, somehow supports that massive superstructure with underdeveloped, flabby thighs. If he stays determined, Rule could give the Sonics a big lift in their battle with the other expansion team, San Diego, to escape the cellar. Any further advancement is difficult to imagine, since the NBA owners displayed a measure of generosity toward the expansion teams this year that has not been witnessed since Oliver Twist was denied seconds on gruel. Seattle did manage to secure a decent backcourt. Rod Thorn is fine company for the clever Hazzard, while Tommy Kron and Bob Weiss have shown promise, and Plummer Loft, a fifth-round choice out of Seattle U., is another pleasant surprise.

SAN DIEGO

The San Diego International Sports Arena has fresh, snazzy locker rooms with thick green wall-to-wall carpeting and a pine-paneled sauna room featuring dry and steam heat, among other luxuries that are going to stun NBA veterans when they come to town. San Diego has another novelty named Hambone—Art (Hambone) Williams, 6'2", 28 years old, formerly of the San Diego playgrounds and the Conval shipping department. Hambone is a local hero and very likely the oldest rookie in NBA history. He can run and pass and play pretty good defense, and he won't hurt you too much with his shooting. San Diego also has probably the best of pro basketball's coaching general-managing ticket-selling program-peddling jack-of-all-promotions practitioners, Jack McMahon. Aneasygoing, chipper type with a penchant for drinking beer with the gang



The affable Jack of San Diego is really of all-trades.

and a talent for making friends everywhere, McMahon came to grief after three years in Cincinnati when his team stopped listening to him and became undisciplined on the court. So now in San Diego, it's challenge time again. McMahon would appear to be the ideal choice to coach an energetic group of young rookies and second-year pros who won't need much of a push to get hustling. This is their big chance. The Rockets on court will be dedicated enough, knowing that their teammates are just as good and just as hungry to play. Still, McMahon cannot afford to be as lenient as he was in Cincinnati. "I know I have to change somewhat," he says. "I can't do too much fraternizing because the relationship will have to be different. On the other hand, these guys can't come in at contract time to the general manager, who happens to be me, and blame a bad season on the stupid coach, who also happens to be me." McMahon surprised many with his first choice from the expansion pool, 6'9" Center Toby Kimball. He undoubtedly wanted a strong rebounder to build around. But Kimball had a knee operation in the off season, and when he reported to camp his right thigh still was two inches smaller than his left. As a result, John Block has taken over in the middle. Block scored well during the exhibition season, and he, Johnny Green and Don Kojis make the Rocket front line one of the fastest in the pros. Jon McGlocklin and Jim Barnett are good shooters in backcourt, but it is going to take awhile for McMahon to convert Pat Riley, his first draft choice from Kentucky, into a guard. The Rockets got little else from either draft, while waiting for next year when some big-name college help arrives, they will have to console themselves with those fancy home furnishings. And Hambone

CONTINUED

THE ABA: PLAYING THE GAME CALLED SURVIVAL

The world's largest commissioner stands before the proprietors of sport's newest professional enterprise, fondles a red, white and blue basketball and says, "Gentlemen, the game is on." And so it is, at least for this season—and if all goes according to plan, for many seasons to come. But George Mikan, all 6' 11" of him—the chosen leader of the American Basketball Association, uses the word "game" loosely. The fun and frolic may come later—and accidentally to the 11 franchises of the new league. First comes the grim battle for survival.

Leagues come, leagues go, unremembered. The American Basketball League lasted a year and a half before it died in December 1962, and the owners of the NBA said, "Talk, talk," hardly being bothered to lift a thumb to squash the intruder into their big league. Pro basketball promoters have had their own built-in suicide mechanism, a get-rich-quick approach based on the premise that because the high school and college versions of the sport are so popular, the public will pay to see anything if you beat the drum loudly. P.T. Barnum could get away with it. Professional basketball? Not likely.

What does it take, then? Patience—and money. "Sound management—and money! Nerve—and money! Good players—and money!" All of that and the willingness to spend and lose the money for a long time. George Mikan will have you know that the ABA has it. He will also tell you he already has the sport's second major league.

Never mind the NBA—a bit nervous this time, considering the Rick Barry case and several other near-losses of top talent. But just as big George said, "The game is on!" and while the NBA puts a brave face on, the other seven of its teams already are paying through the eyeballs to keep their players right when they are. The whole league had better be prepared to cough up plenty for its college draft picks next year.

Meanwhile, the young league will make do with what it has—the slightly too short and too old, the hoped-for sleepers and the dweebs. It will put them in spiffy new uniforms and give them all the care and prominent money can buy. It will also present that red, white and blue basketball, and referees in white trousers, blue belts, blue shoes and scarlet shirts with their names in black letters across the back. Oh, you kid? "We'll give them more," says Mikan, moaning three points for a successful shot taken behind a line 25 feet from the basket to leftover from the ABL's 30 seconds in which to shoot at the basket instead of the 24 currently used by the NBA, and an out-of-bounds award instead of a free throw for offensive fouls. Those, too, are accidentals, but they deserve study. The three-pointer offers the good long-range shooter some of the advantages now enjoyed only by the seven-footer. There rarely will be more than one or two of them a game,

but the possibility gives the defense something to ponder. In the ABA, when the referee sees that a shot is taken back of the magic line, up goes one arm. If it goes in, up goes the other arm and, presumably, the volume of partisan cheers. That's show biz, and it's not bad.

The six extra seconds to fuss around with the ball is supposed to make the pro game less of a run-and-shoot affair. The fact is that even in no-time-limit competition, players rarely use more than 12 seconds to set up a play. This one just seems like a decision to follow the international amateur rules rather than the NBA. As for the out-of-bounds play—the NBA has essentially the same regulation now. Mikan speaks the obvious when he says,

"The dreads match to the foul line does less for basketball than anything I can think of."

The ABA, however, is not going to make it on gimmicks alone. Mikan speaks of the 11 franchises as solid, as belts a commissioner trying to sell a new league to a national television network, the hasn't yet and to the public. If you press the point, Mikan will mention the Indiana Pacers, and smile. He will speak of the Denver Rockets, and smile. He will point to the Pittsburgh Pipers, and smile. He will speak of the Anaheim Amigos, and smile. As for the teams in New Orleans, New Jersey (Tejanos), Houston, Dallas, Louisville, Minneapolis and Oakland, Mikan also has a smile, for these, too, but it is all on the outside. Inside, it's, "Oh, brother!" What all that talk was a few weeks ago about another New York franchise? Tejanos is really New York, of course, but the only decent place to play in this city is the Knicks' Garden—adds up to a red, white and blue double dribble. I guess of course the ABA has decided that it can't beat the Knicks with just one team—so how about two?

New Orleans, Dallas and Houston have their own problems. They are planted in areas where basketball is an interlude between January bowl games and spring football practice. Only strong teams in a strong league would have a glimmer of a chance. The Dallas Chaparrals have Cliff Hagan in coach, the Houston Mavericks have Mator Martin. Good. They both have all kinds of players named Nate. Lutz. Striglin. And so.

The New Orleans Buccaneers at least have some genuine potential. Doug Moe, a 6' 5" do-it-all of the Oscar-Rign stripe, returns from exile in Italy with an urge to show he could star for any team. Larry Brown is only a 5' 10" that gets a lot of laughs at NBA meetings but a first-rate athlete. For 48 minutes Brown's stick is hell-bone, nonstop, and any player who does not watch the little rascal is apt to find himself without hall, uniform or sneakers. Jackie Moreland is smooth and has five years of NBA experience with steady, a young team. James Jones, a 6' 4" guard from Grambling, is one of the few plunks that fell away from



Big George and the ABA red, white and blue ball.

the NBA money tree. The Buccaneers do not have the angle game at center, but then, neither does anyone else in this league, and Babe McCarthy will no doubt find a way to score without him. The question is, will the crowd-flock over from Basin Street to the Lovell Field House? It is a dinky little place (5,425 capacity) for a pro franchise, with three known parking spaces in the area. Owner Charles Smith, a man of many enterprises whose love for New Orleans knows no bounds, insists he will keep things going until the new domed stadium stands proud. It will be close.

The Minnesota Muskies are in a similar predicament. They have some players—Mel Daniels, of New Mexico, a No. 1 draft choice of the Cincinnati Royals, is the best—but the Muskies have to sell their product in competition with big-league football, baseball and, this year, hockey. The old Lakers, even with Mikal and that heroic crew, were largely ignored by the paying customers, and it is hockey, not basketball, that is making the town's blood race today.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gregory (robisco money) have promised to spend millions to make the Kentucky Colonels a byword in Louisville. Nice. But Frank Ramsey and Gene

Rhodes, an ex-star at Western Kentucky, were high choices to coach the team, and when the Colonels would not put a sufficient amount in the kitty, both said, "No thanks." Nor do the Colonels figure to pile up many victories, in spite of such old Kentucky favorites as Larry Conley, Louie Dampier and Cotton Nash. Conley is good, all right, but he is still frail and the season is 78 games and a playoff long.

Oakland has Pat Boone and, possibly, his millions, a beautiful new arena to play in and a couple of guards—Andy Anderson and Lavern Tart—who can score in spurts but who are not named Rick Barry. If the Oaks do not go under this year, and they shouldn't, Barry will fill a stadium or two next season.

So what else is good news?

The Denver Rockets, for a start. Mikal came close to giving up on the Rockets—the owners actually had voted 10 to 3 to move the franchise to Kansas City—when the Ringbys, father and son, put all that trucking money into the venture, and hired young Dick Eicher as general manager. Very quickly the sick Rockets became healthy.

The Pittsburgh Pipers, playing in one of the finest arenas in the country, have successful promoter Garbe Rubin behind them and a solid team. In Anaheim that inscrutable Hawaiian Art Kim, mostly silent at histerous league meetings, calmly announced that season-ticket sales are going well, and that he has arranged a local television contract more lucrative than a national one.

And then there are the Indiana Pacers. Rarely has a group of entrepreneurs worked harder for a grand opening. With less cash to toss around than most of their brother owners, the vigorous young men who eventually got control of this team hired a Chicago firm to investigate the area. Back came the report: "Football? Switchance Baseball? Maybe Basketball? Why not?" provided it's top grade. You can't gull Hoosiers with inferior basketball. They see too much good basketball already. General Manager Mike Storn and Coach Larry Stiversman decided right off that the only kind of talent they wanted was the kind willing to struggle. Bill McGill and Bill Buntin, two players with All-America clippings, ambled into camp, loafed through a few practices, and were on the new plane out. "We mean to be here for a long time," said Storn. "You can't fool these people with names. You've got to produce."

On the roster is Roger Brown, 6' 5", a man of many moves. Brown is in the same heat as Doug Moe and Connie Hawkins, the 6' 9" all-everything now with the Pittsburgh Pipers. No NBA team has ever drafted any of them. Brown and Hawkins accepted money and favors from one of the 1960 basketball scandal fixers. Moe had failed to report a similar gift. Nute was accused of fixing games. The ABA says they were guilty only of indiscretion and is willing to forgive.

So Moe, Brown and Hawkins have a home, and maybe Rick Barry will next year. Some franchises undoubtedly will have to move to survive. A few will go the way of the Sheboygan Redskins (NBA, circa 1990). But you can count on that red, white and blue ball being around for a while.

—Tom Brown

Two goats and three flankers make a winner

Navy felt something special would be needed to butt through the stoutest defense in football, so it came up with an extra mascot and a wild offensive formation that left poor Syracuse bewildered and thoroughly beaten

At the U.S. Naval Academy the "Beat Army" signs never come down. They are always prominently displayed in the football coaches' offices, the locker rooms and elsewhere. They are scrawled on the practice-field fence. When the football players do calisthenics, they count cadence this way: "One, two, beat Army. One, two, beat Army." When they break a huddle, they clap in unison and yell, "Beat Army."

But, perhaps only to warm up for its annual game against the West Pointers, Navy does play other teams, often very good ones. Last Saturday in Annapolis the opponent was undefeated Syracuse, the nation's leader in rushing defense and total defense, and the way the Midshipmen went at their work they must have been convinced the poor Orangemen were a division of infantrymen in disguise. Navy's margin of victory was

27-14, and it very well might have been larger.

During the week preceding the game there was the normal amount of anti-Army hoopla in the Yard, as the Academy grounds are called, but there were some unusual diversions, too. Retired Rear Admiral Tom Hamilton, a former Navy coach and All-America halfback, spoke at the pep rally and, on behalf of the class of 1927, presented the Brigade of Midshipmen with a shaggy Irish goat named King Puck, who smells even worse hard as it is to believe than the other current goat mascot, Bill XVI. Puck's mission is to help defeat Army, but the Class of 1927 said it was perfectly all right to use him against Syracuse, too.

On the practice field, meanwhile, Coach Bill Elias and his assistants were making more purposeful preparations for Syracuse. They were experimenting with not one, not two, but three flankers, all to one side. They assumed they could not run through Syracuse's defensive line, so they decided on a daring surprise attack using triple flankers, hoping to score early and force Syracuse, an unfanciful, grind-it-out bunch, to turn fancy and play catch-up football. "I don't feel we can get down and knock heads with them," said Elias. "We'd like to challenge them to a passing duel if they promise not to run. Our team utilizes speed and execution. Although many opposing coaches think we're formation crazy, we feel we do execute well."

One man with whom Navy knew it would have to knock heads was Larry Conka (pronounced Zonka-ah), Syracuse's crashing fullback who had become a crashing bore to Maryland the previous week, clearing the ball 43 times four short of the NCAA record, for 181 yards. Earlier he had earned 23 times against West Virginia and 24 times against Baylor. Conka, a 230-pound Hungarian from Stow, Ohio, not far from Akron, is "the most valuable play-

er we ever had," according to Coach Ben Schwartzwalder.

"Conka is a great fullback," said Elias. "I don't know if I have seen one as good in the last five years. He is good enough to play on any NFL team right now."

All week long Navy Defensive End Bill Dow, the team captain, kept harping at his teammates that they must not let Conka fall forward to get his usual four yards. They must gang-tackle him and either keep him upright or knock him backward.

On Saturday afternoon in Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, after the brigade paraded, Syracuse had all the best of the pregame goings-on. There was a platoon of comely cheerleaders on the Orange side of the field. Navy could only counter with its two stinky goats.

After the kickoff, however, Navy added its three-flanker attack to its two-goat display. Rob Taylor, Terry Murray and Jeri Baisly went out together on one side of the field like a warship convoy. Murray was the split end, and Baisly and Taylor were spread behind him in the backfield. On the sixth play from scrimmage Murray found himself covered by a linebacker. He got behind him and caught a pass from Quarterback John Cartwright for a 52-yard touchdown that put Navy ahead before some of the gold-branded admirals were comfortably settled in their seats.

Syracuse went now here when it got the subsequent kickoff, and on its second series of plays Navy moved down the field again on Cartwright's paves, scoring on a pitchout to Baisly. A rout looked in the making, but Navy tumbled on its own 25 and Conka put himself into his powerful low gear. He chewed up 18 yards in three carries. On the next two plays Dow and the rest of Navy's defensive team piled on Conka en masse. Unfortunately he did not have the ball. Quarterback Rick Casata kept it, carrying it to the one and then in for the touchdown.



A NAVY ATTACK JOLTS HARRIED CASSATA



SPRUNG FREE BY THE NEW FORMATION: NAVY'S MURRAY TAKES A TOUCHDOWN PASS

That proved to be the last sustained Syracuse drive until Elias put in Navy's second defensive unit late in the fourth quarter. Schwartzwalder adjusted his pass defense to cope with Navy's surprise formation, but John Church added second- and third-quarter 42-yard field goals for Navy, and in the fourth period Terry Murray returned a punt 52 yards to the Syracuse 13 to set up a third Middle touchdown.

"You can safely say that after this game everyone will know how bad we are," Schwartzwalder had accurately predicted last week. "We already know it."

Cronka seemed to be the only effective Syracuse weapon, but he did not play much in the second half and finished the game with only 31 yards in 10 carries—which for him is a day off. "He hurt his ankle in practice and hurt it again in the game," said Schwartzwalder. "He wasn't as good as we'd like to see him, but the way Navy was playing he would have had to have had a tremendous game to offset it."

Neither Cassata nor sophomore Quarterback Rich Panczynsyn (rhymes with transsyn) were able to throw many respectable passes. Panczynsyn, who says his surname is merely the shortened version of the European original, which even he cannot spell, fits in nicely on a

team that has a Zameski, Cheyuski, Pietryka, Bulicz and a total of eight Zs, 11 Ys, and 14 Ks, not counting Schwartzwalder. He has been given the famous Syracuse No. 44, worn in past glory seasons by Jim Brown, Ernie Davis and Floyd Little. "He probably has more elusiveness than about any kid we've ever had," says a Syracuse coach, but he is not much of a passer. This is an unhandy failing for a quarterback.

In the Navy dressing room after the game, it was as if the Midshipmen had just won a war. Their record was improved to 3-1, their lone loss being to Rice, and although they were no threat just yet for national honors, they were strongly in the running for the Lambert Trophy, symbols of eastern supremacy. Their chief opposition seemed to be a school that had lambasted SML the night before: Army.

After a few minutes the Midshipmen calmed their victory backslapping and yelling long enough to award the game ball to Flanker Murray, who in addition to his punt runback caught six passes for 99 yards. And then, led by Bill Dow, there came this resounding ritual roar that seemed to wipe out the memory of the Syracuse game: "Beat Army, Beat Army."

JOE JAMES

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST | NAVY (3-1) 2 ARMY (1-1) 3 SYRACUSE (3-1)

It could have been a gloomy week for Penn State. The Nittany Lions had just lost a game to UCLA that they might have won, and Hobbs Campbell, the do-everything tailback, was out for the season with knee troubles. But with Boston College coming up, Coach Joe Paterno set about stacking his backfield with sophomores. The result was an explosive 50-28 win over BC. Quarterback Tom Sherman and Tight End Ted Kwakuk upset the Eagles' pass defense, while Fullback Don Abbey ran inside for 119 yards and three touchdowns. Meanwhile the Lion's sting defense, led by sophomore Tackle Steve Smar, kept BC scrambling with an aggressive rush. Only when Penn State's regulars returned in the last quarter could Boston College move, with Fullback Dave Bennett scoring three times.

Rutgers survived a frenzied game with Delaware, winning 29-21 on Quarterback Pete Sarno's two touchdowns in the fourth quarter. Holy Cross, despite some early blundering, settled down to beat Colgate 17-0, and Buffalo did post Boston U. 6-0.

In the Ivy League one early favorite, Princeton, was not only beaten but humiliated by Cornell 47-13. Dartmouth and Harvard, the other pre-season choices, had no problems. Dartmouth, with Bill Keating filling in notably for injured Quarterback Gene Kowalski, defeated Penn 23-0, and Harvard battered Columbia 49-13 as Quarterback Rex Zimmerman threw for three touchdowns. Yale also had it easy, beating Brown 35-0.

THE SOUTH | ALABAMA (3-0-1) 2 TENNESSEE (2-1) 1 FLORIDA (3-1)

Georgia, undefeated for a year, recognized the danger as it marched off to face twice-beaten Mississippi, but nothing could save the Bulldogs from an upset. Ole Miss led 22-14 in the fourth quarter and then Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, who does not favor the forward pass, regretfully ordered his quarterback Kirby Moore to take to the air. With 6:40 to play Moore hit Hands King with a 25-yard throw for a touchdown that brought Georgia within two points. But one aerial adventure was enough. When Moore tried to pass to King for a two-point conversion and a tie game the ball was thrown it low, and Mississippi went on to win 29-20.

Alabama's weak pass defense again had the Tide in trouble, this time against resurgent Vanderbilt. Quarterback Ringer May passed for 199 yards, completing 16 of 28,

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

including 11 to End Bob Goodridge, and Vandy had a 14-14 tie late in the second quarter. But then "Bama Quarterback Ken Stabler moved his team close enough for Steve Davis to kick a 20-yard field goal before the halt, and the Tide rolled 35-21.

The top two quarterbacks, Dewey Warren of Tennessee and Ken King of Georgia Tech, were hurt, so Charlie Fulton had to start for the Vols against Tech's Larry Good. This would have been all right by Vols fans, but the first quarter was no sooner well begun than Fulton, too, was injured. That left it up to third-stringer Bubba Wyche, a junior from Atlanta, who promptly threw two touchdown passes to Richmond Flowers and led Tennessee to a 24-13 victory over unbeaten Tech.

Auburn used two healthy quarterbacks, Larry Blakeney and Loran Carter, to rout Clemson 49-21, bringing the Plainsmen's scoring totals to 144 points in four games, 40 more than they scored in 10 games last season.

Miami finally got revenge for some of its troubles by beating unbeaten LSU 17-15 at Baton Rouge. Florida anticipated problems against Tulane, because regular Quarterback Jackie Lockdahl broke his leg in a midweek practice and top sub Harmon Wages was demoted to the B squad for disciplinary reasons. But flanker Larry Rennie, who never had played varsity quarterback in college, stepped behind center and led the Gators to an easy 35-0 win.

Undeclared North Carolina State managed only one first down and 48 yards during the first half of its Atlantic Coast Conference match against Maryland, then came out of the dressing room to score five of the first six times it had the ball after that to set up a 31-9 win. East Carolina stopped Louisville's Wally Oiler, who had been ranked sixth nationally in total offense, and remained undefeated 18-13, and Duke scored twice in the final quarter to down Virginia 13-6. Virginia Tech used three early touchdowns to beat Kentucky 24-14 for its fifth straight.

THE MIDWEST 1. PURDUE (4-0)
2. COLORADO (4-0) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (2-2)

"Nobody plays defense quite like Missouri," said Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder before his team faced the Tigers in an early Big Eight showdown at Boulder. "This explode at you like gangbusters." But, Crowder reasoned, every defense has its leaks, and he built a game plan around 3 fullback Wilmer Cook's slashes inside the tackles and a pitchout off the option to Tailback William Harris. Occasionally Quarterback Bob Anderson would fake to Cooks on a trap play and give the ball to Harris going inside. It worked beautifully. With Anderson passing sparingly but accurately, the Bulls had the

ball for 44 minutes, and they ran 78 plays to Missouri's 24. Cooks and Harris scored on short runs. Dave Bartels kicked three field goals and Colorado won 23-9.

But Nebraska, the other Big Eight favorite, got a shock. Kansas, which had not won in three games, went after the unbeaten Huskers hard with a defense that Coach Pepper Rodgers said he had simplified. "So we can play with intensity." It was so intense that the trash Jayhawks led by End John Zook, a retired sky diver who got in on 15 tackles, held Nebraska to only 72 yards rushing. Quarterback Bob Douglass scored on a four-yard sweep in the first half, and Tommie Bell's 90-yard field goal in the last minute upset the Huskers 10-0. It was the first time in 83 games that one of Coach Bob Devaney's teams has been held scoreless.

On Friday the 11th, Purdue Publican Karl Klages read the horoscope for Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes. "You'll never believe this," reported Klages, "but Woody's horoscope says 'Today is a fine day to consider going into a new business.'" On Saturday Hayes, who he had, Purdue, which had not beaten Ohio State in Columbus since 1952, dismembered the Buckeyes 48-6. Just about everything the Butlermakers did was right. Sophomore Quarterback Mike Phipps completed 14 of 19 passes for 210 yards and two touchdowns, while spectacular Leroy Keyes caught four of them and ran 21 yards for a score. Perhaps the finest moment of all for Purdue Coach Jack Meinenloeff came after the game when his old tormentor Woody Hayes told him Purdue was "the best team I've ever seen on this field."

Michigan State Quarterback Jimmy Raye, who had looked like anything but an All-American in the Spartans' first three games, dug out old films of MSU's 1966 games last week, studied his moves in those happier days and put in extra practice time with Assistant Coach Al Donos. The work paid off against Michigan. Raye passed for two touchdowns, ran for two more and MSU won in All-American fashion, 34-0. "I had felt the weight of the world was on my shoulders," said Raye. "I felt people were saying, 'Jimmy Raye, you are a bum.' But I was relaxed today. I decided to just have fun." Raye's fun put the Spartans into a first-place tie with Purdue in the Big Ten.

That was no great surprise, but there was unexpected company at the top. Indiana, gambling neckledey, won its fourth straight, defeating Iowa 21-17. Twice the Hoosiers ran from kick formation on fourth down. Once they got away with it, but the second time it backfired into the touchdown that put Iowa ahead 17-14. Then, with 1:14 to go, fourth and 12 on the Iowa 22, Indiana Quarterback Harris Gomoa got the word from Coach John Pont. "Go for seven." Indiana faked a field goal and Gomoa ran to the four-yard line. On the next play he passed to

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sophomore Jade Butcher for the winning touchdown. "We gamble because we can't afford the luxury of sitting back and waiting for something to happen," explained Pent.

All week long Illinois practiced its goal-line offense. What the Illini should have worked on was getting across the 50. They couldn't make it beyond their own 41 in the first half and eventually lost to Minnesota 10-7. Wisconsin, however, suffered the unkindest Big Ten loss of all. The Badgers were beaten 13-11 by longtime enemy Pitt.

For a half Tulsa played like any normal team against Tampa. The Hurricanes led 14-0 on two running plays. Then substitute Quarterback Mike Stripling put the Tulsa aerial circus in motion. He threw five touchdowns in three quarters, three to flanker Rick Eber in a 49-point third quarter, and the Hurricanes breezed 77-0. Western Michigan held the lead in the Mid-American by beating Kent State 16-7. However, only a game behind are Toledo, which beat Bowling Green 33-0, Mounts of Ohio, a 48-6 winner over Marshall, and Ohio U., which lost 25-22 to William and Mary in a nonleague game.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ILLINOIS (3-1) 2. RICE (2-1) 3. TEXAS (2-2)

With SMU-Army and Texas-Oklahoma as the attraction, more than 100,000 students and fans swarmed into downtown Dallas last weekend. Extra police were called out but when the joyousness was over there were only two major casualties: SMU and Oklahoma. On Friday night Arroyo Quarterback Steve Lindell hit SMU with 12 completions in 15 attempts. Fullback Chuck Jarvis plattered through the soft Mustang middle for two touchdowns and the Cadets won 24-6. "We're all embarrassed," said SMU's Hayden Fry.

Saturday saw a typical Texas-Oklahoma game: vicious bruising and close. The Sooners took a 7-0 lead on Ron Shutt's two-yard run, and then the Longhorns began struggling back. Rob Layne, son of the Texas immortal Bobby Layne, kicked a 35-yard field goal, and Quarterback Bill Bradley's six-yard keeper in the last period gave Texas a 9-7 victory.

Texas A&M, beaten four straight times in close games, was about to lose its 10th when Texas Tech went ahead 24-21 with 53 seconds to play. But Quarterback Lel Hargrett, who had already brought the Aggies from behind twice, made one last effort. With only three seconds left and the ball on the Tech 15, Hargrett failed to pass, saw running room and made it into the end zone to win for A&M 28-24. Arkansas, down 10-7 to Baylor with 37 seconds to go, survived a multitude of errors to get a 10-10 tie. The Hogs lined up incorrectly on Bob White's field-goal try from the 20, Holder Terry Stewart fumbled the snap and then

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

burnedly put the ball down sideways—like a pumpkin. But White kicked it anyway, and it curled over the crossbar. "That was the worst looking field goal I ever saw," complained Baylor's John Bridgers.

Rice left nothing to chance. The Owls rolled past Northwestern 50-6 as Quarterback Bob Harley passed for three touchdowns and ran for a fourth.

THE WEST 1. USC (5-0) 2. UCLA (5-0) 3. M. Tennes. (5-0)

California Coach Ray Wilkey presumed too much when he thought he had devised a way to contain UCLA Quarterback Gary Beban on his wide sweeps. Because the Cal defenders were flying wide all night, Beban called quick-count plays, caught the defense off-balance and sent Rick Parry or himself through the defenseless middle. Parry gained 109 yards rushing, while Beban gained 51 on the ground and passed for 133 yards in a 37-14 UCLA win.

Oregon Coach Jerry Frei, whose team had behaved as if it were allergic to the football in four straight losses this season, promised some changes against Washington. But that

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Cornell Quarterback Bill Robinson had his finest moment in the Big Red's 47-13 trouncing of Princeton as he completed an extraordinary 16 of 20 passes for 221 yards and three touchdowns and ran for a fourth score.

THE LINEMAN: Linebacker Adrian Young was U.S.A. aggressiveness, stopping in 24-7 win over Notre Dame. Turning up wherever a Notre Dame pass did, he intercepted four, thwarting three Irish scoring drives, and was in on five tackles.

premise made is still a debt unpaid, as Oregon's Clayton Welch fumbled the opening kickoff on his one-yard line. Washington went on to recover four fumbles in the first half and shut out Oregon 26-0.

There was a rumor around Utah University last week that the 90-mm. howitzer on the M-48 tank at Ute Stadium that is fired after every Utah touchdown would be pointed unerringly at the Wyoming bench as part of the attack Utah planned in unfeared on the Cowboys. But Wyoming, with Paul Tsocano throwing two touchdown passes, proved to have all the guns, as it won a viciously contested game 28-0. At Tucson, Arizona seemed to have defeated Texas of El Paso when Ken Sarnoski kicked a 38-yard field goal with only seconds in play. But a pass interference call gave the UTEPs possession in Arizona territory, and Jerry Waddles made his third field goal—a 48-yarder as the gun—to give UTEP a 9-9 tie. Air Force, saved by a last-quarter goal-line stand, beat North Carolina 10-8. **END**



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PEOPLE

Wilt Chamberlain may now be the highest-paid player in basketball, but Rick Barry is still the highest-paid nonplayer in the game, at \$75,000 for the year he is sitting out. (Rick's is a modest stipend, actually, when you consider that Wilt is paid for playing for one team and Rick is paid for not playing for two.) At any rate, Barry has kept busy playing golf. Known as a long hater, he has been working daily with Pro Ted Nest at the Sequoyah Country Club in Oakland, Calif. and has trimmed his handicap from 15 to 9 and is still on the way down. By the time basketball is ready to let him back in, Barry may be ready to defect to pro golf.

Saint cheerleader and stockholder Al Viet (who also plays the trumpet) is feeling more optimistic about one of the names on the team's injured list. Gumbo, the Saints' mascot, was a six-month-old Saint Bernard puppy weighing a mere 75 pounds when, during the opening game with the Rams, he was nailed for "a mild concussion" by a member of his own team. Gumbo, definitely a rookie mascot, was trying to sniff at his players as they ran onto the field. Hurt once said sadly that Gumbo had not

really been right since the accident, "but we had no one to bring up from the taxi squad." However, "He's had a rest," Hurt now says hopefully, "so he'll be in top shape for our next home game October 28 against the Steelers." It would be nice if the Saints were in top shape, too.

The little princes have been hopping around recently. England's Prince Andrew (below, on the left), with cousin Viscount Linley behind him, prepares to lead his team in a soccer match, and Prince Hiro of Japan (opposite, on the left) helps teammates carry the Daruma during a race at his school's athletic meet. A Daruma is an image of a famous Buddhist monk, and the race is run with it balanced upon two poles—sort of a communal egg-and-spoon-race effort. Prince Andrew's sport of soccer has not quite caught on in the U.S. It seems even more unlikely that Daruma-carrying is going to become an American enthusiasm.

ABC-TV has recruited a number of well-known persons to go on safari for its *American Sportsman* series. Now they have selected Movie Star **Teo Donahue** to plunge into the



jungles of Venezuela in search of jaguar, and Donahue's approach to the assignment is rather refreshing. The only hunting he has done was for ducks, quail and pheasant when he was a boy on Long Island, so he purchased a book on jaguar hunting and practiced his marksmanship in shooting galleries. While he is ready to attempt the stalking and killing of this jaguar, Donahue's remarks sound more like Leicester Hemingway than his brother Ernest. "I am not afraid yet," and, "I would also like to try to catch one alive, though I would not know what to do with it."

Actor James Garner got all caught up in the spirit of the thing when he played the race driver in *Grand Prix* and took to driving a Formula 1 himself during part of the film. Now he finds himself cast as Wyatt Earp in a western epic called *Howe of the Gun*, and he rides, of course, a horse. "The horse," Garner reports, "is a very poor form of transportation."

It sounded like a very grand scheme. Distance Runner Ron Clarke was reported by an English magazine to have formed a company in Melbourne with the thought-provoking name of Fitness in Motion, Ltd., which was

to operate gymnasiums, swimming pools, squash and tennis courts, and bring world stars to compete in Melbourne. A check with Clarke indicates that actually the project is not too far along. "I have formed a company, all right," he concedes, "but there are only two \$1 paid-up shares."

One of the least enthusiastic observers of the upcoming football scene may well be Lynda Bird Johnson, who is planning to be married on Saturday, December 9. Some of the proceedings are to be televised, but so are the proceedings involving the Buffalo, Boston, Green Bay, Los Angeles, Florida and Miami football teams, and Miss Johnson's fiancé, Chuck Robb, has said that he hates to think of his friends having to come to the wedding and miss the games. An unlikely source of sympathy for the President's daughter is California's Republican governor, Ronald Reagan. Reagan had agreed to speak at the Oregon State-Southern California game on November 11 in Corvallis, Ore. "No," said Oregon State President James Jensen, firmly. "The fans are there to see the game—to let off steam, not to listen to speakers." Well, first things first, Governor Reagan and Miss Johnson.





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on keeping your right hand well underneath its normal position, with the V pointing below your right shoulder. This forces the club face open, and as you come into the ball the club head will be kept on a fairly low trajectory. After impact concentrate on keeping your right hand underneath your left, not rolling it over the left hand and turning the toe in (red arrow) as you normally would. This prevents you from squaring the club face and driving it in too deep.



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At address (left) the club face is open, and the right hand is turned under to help keep the club head from digging in.

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Aftermath of a bittersweet World Series

Keeping intact their record of never having lost a seven-game Series, the St. Louis Cardinals defeated the Boston Red Sox in an encounter that was filled with exciting performances—and genuine mutual dislike

The seventh game of the World Series had barely ended last Thursday afternoon when the victorious St. Louis Cardinals formed a circle in the tiny visitors' clubhouse at Boston's Fenway Park and began a cha-cha-cha dance that was emphasized by the pounding of angry spikes on the cement floor. "Lomborg and champagne," the chant began, "hey! We will win in six, hey! I will brush them back, hey! Gibson goes in five, hey! The slipper didn't fit, hey!"

Normally, the Cardinals are a team with a rich sense of humor that rises high above kicking an enemy when he is down, but after beating the Red Sox 7-2 in the final game the St. Louis team decided to kick a little sand in the face of a team they did not like before the Series started and liked much less by the time it was over.

On entering the Series the Cardinals were assumed to be the best-balanced team to represent the National League since the Brooklyn Dodgers of 1955-56 and yet the Red Sox, a team that had "blown" 10th place in their final game of the 1966 season and only won the pennant—utilizing the extraordinary skills of Carl Yastrzemski and Jim Lonborg—on closing day of 1967, chased them down to a seventh game.

Certain things had happened to the Cardinals before the end of the regular season that had a vast effect on both the length and outcome of the Series. Orlando Cepeda suddenly went into a horrible slump, and Tom McCarver soon joined him. Shortly after Roger Maris joined both, Cepeda was hitting a league-leading .349 late in August but hit only .230 for the rest of the year. When Orlando is hitting he is a picturesque blend of grace and raw power, when he is not he looks like an overanxious schoolboy capable of doing nothing but popping up. McCarver had been a .300 hitter for most of the year, but he finally paid the price of catching 122 of the team's first 144 games and he hit only .222 the last three weeks. Maris, who led the Cardinals

during the regular season with 18 game-winning hits, found that his timing had fallen off badly and in the final month his batting average dropped to a feeble .229.

But while Cepeda, McCarver and Maris were slumping on their way to the Series, Lou Brock was on a rampage that drew little attention outside St. Louis. "I felt better swinging the bat the last month than I had at the start of the season," Lou said a few days after the Series had ended, and that was significant because Brock had hit sensationally early in the year. "More than that I felt looser on the bases than I had in a

long, long time. Not just in stealing, but freedom in running them. I found that with this looseness I could go four, four and a half, five steps off first base and get back to it on a pickoff throw fairly easily." In his final 23 games, some of which he did not play in their entirety, Brock hit .370 and scored 20 runs while batting in 15.

And, of course, Brock was the man who swung the Series in favor of the Cardinals. This in no way diminishes the valor or excellence of Bob Gibson, who pitched three complete winning games only four weeks after his recovery from a broken leg, but never before in a Series of

continued

CARDINAL STAR LOU BROCK FLASHES WIDE SMILE FOLLOWING SEVENTH-GAME WIN



any length has a leadoff man enjoyed a period of prosperity such as Lou Brock had in this one. Everyone will remember his seven stolen bases and the versatility of his hitting, which ranged from beating out a bunt, to base hits to all fields, to doubles, a triple and a tremendous home run. It should also be recalled that six of the outs he made were the result of fine defensive plays by Boston. Brock was on first base 10 times (not including a single in the first game that resulted in Julian Javier's being thrown out at home for the third out of the inning). He went on around the bases to score six of those times and failed to advance beyond first base only once.

Maris, too, had an outstanding Series. He had a batting average of .385 and led all players with seven runs batted in. "I had been awful at the end of the season," Roger said after the Series, "and when I'm bad I'm bad all the way—both in batting practice and in games. But I seemed to hit the ball good in batting practice before the Series started, and

after I hit the homer in the ninth inning of the fifth game I took batting practice in Boston the next day and hit four in a row out. Truly, my stroke hadn't been that good in a long while, and after the fourth one went out I just walked away, saying to myself, 'Don't waste it. Keep it.'"

It was lucky Brock and Maris were hot because Cepeda and McCarver came to bat with a total of 29 Cardinals on base and drove in only three of them. Curt Flood, who batted only .179 during the Series, was vitally important, too, despite that average. He did a professional job of advancing base runners and setting up runs and hitting when it was most necessary; he figured in six key runs, and he was also the man who broke Jim Lomberg's bid for a perfect game when he walked on a 3-and-2 pitch in the seventh inning.

Yet the one thing that made this Series different was the undisguised bitterness between the two teams, a bitterness that was certainly furthered by certain

elements of the Boston press. For years many of Boston's baseball writers have been beating the brains out of Red Sox management and players, but once the club rose into contention this season many of those same writers jumped on the winning bandwagon as never before in any major league city. Close students of Boston journalism agree that coverage before, during and after the Series was more turgid than had been imagined possible. It seemed that every member of the Red Sox was "writing" for one Boston paper or another, and it also appeared that the Cardinals were reading every one of them. Cardinal wives were accused in the Boston papers of snubbing Red Sox wives and of draping mink coats over chairs so Sox wives could not sit down. And, in an unforgettable summation of the Series, one paper wrote, "The Red Sox looked better in defeat than the Cardinals did in victory. . . . Take Gibson out of the Cardinal lineup, and you've got a loser."

Brock, more practical or more mature



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than some of the other Cardinal players, said, "I stopped reading the Boston papers and what their players were supposed to be saying about us three days before the end of the thing. There is an element of professionalism in baseball that should not be violated. Once you start saying you're going to beat the other guy you better do it or you're asking for it." But the others kept on reading, and before the last game the Cardinals became incensed at two things that appeared in the Boston press. One was a quote from Manager Dick Williams, who replied, when asked what his lineup would be for the final game, "Lonborg and champagne." The line was carried in a blaring red headline on the front page. The other was a statement from First Baseman George Scott saying that Bob Gibson would not last five innings. "That about did it," said Dal Maxvill, the normally quiet and pleasant shortstop. "After that we weren't playing one game for the \$3,000 between winning and losing shares. We never wanted to beat anybody all year long as much as we wanted to beat them in the seventh game."

The bench-jockeying between the two teams in this Series was many times as severe as that which normally goes on in a regular season, and when Brock stole second base in the ninth inning to break a record of 57 years' standing Reggie Smith hollered at him from his position in center field, "That's bush, stealing with a 7-2 lead." Brock looked out at Smith and hollered, "Reggie, the first chance you get to do likewise, you will!"

The fact that Boston was able to win its first pennant in 21 years and bring the Series down to the seventh game against a fine Cardinal team was an excellent time to have happen to baseball at a time when baseball can use all the excellent things it can get. Even in losing, the play of Boston's Carl Yastrzemski and Jim Lonborg will be remembered for years. Lonborg probably had the finest summation of all about the Red Sox. "We've given a lot of people a lot of happiness, including ourselves," he said. "We're not going to be able to fathom the year until we sit beside a winter fireplace. We should have dinner together someplace and drink some fine wine, and maybe we will. Then we can sit across the table from each other and shake our heads."

END



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GENERAL TIME

A delightful brawl in a gentleman's game

The only significant match-play event for the pros shows the glories of head-to-head competition as Palmer and Thomson wage a classic duel and Player and Brewer have the pleasure of a 'says who' free-off

Match-play golf, where only the holes count and not the total number of strokes, was dropped from the U.S. pro circuit ten years ago and maybe it is a good thing that it was, for in an era of big money and terrific pressure, where the coddled stars of the pro tour are often as temperamental as coloraturas, the swinging might become a right chop to the chin instead of a feathered seveniron to the flagstick.

Last week at the fourth annual Piccadilly World Match Play Tournament, held on the West Course of the Wentworth Club just south of London, eight of the world's best professionals built well-groomed and well-tanned heads together in a knockout tournament that is rapidly becoming one of the most intriguing golf events of the year. When it was over, two grimly classical grudge matches had been fought out over the club's green, hilly, tree-lined acres, and Arnold Palmer, by defeating Australia's Peter Thomson on the last hole of their 36-hole final, had brought abounding joy to the hearts of the U.S. touring pros.

On the U.S. tournament tour, Thomson, a curly-haired, diffident, intelligent fellow from Melbourne, is about as popular as a shank or a three-putt green. At 38, Thomson is a masterful golfing technician who can hit a ball any way he wants to except far. He has won the British Open five times but, after 17 years of playing intermittently in the U.S., the only Stateside title he has for his efforts is the Texas International Open. Somewhat bewildered by his lack of U.S. success, he has left behind him a collection of unflattering remarks about the crude power game so popular in America and the long, heavily watered golf courses that nurture it.

Much of this conflict came to a barbed climax at the Alean golf tournament at St. Andrews two weeks ago.

There Thomson, playing simultaneously in a lesser event, finished first with a score of 281 that was two shots lower than that posted by Gay Brewer and Bill Casper, who tied for first in the \$129,000 Golfer of the Year tournament.

"I find it a little embarrassing to have shot the low score with all these Golfers of the Year here," said Thomson at the closing ceremonies. "Maybe I should just be called the Golfer of the Week."

Thomson's words had hardly drifted off in the breeze from St. Andrews Bay before Mason Rudolph grabbed the microphone and pointedly said: "I enjoyed the golf Peter Thomson played this week. I've been on the tour for nine years, and this was the first time I've had the pleasure of seeing him win a tournament." Parry, thrust and ouch.

The following week at Wentworth, Thomson and three Americans, Palmer, Casper and Brewer, were included in the World Match Play field of eight and sparks were sure to fly as often as golf shots. But Thomson versus the United States was a confrontation that had to wait until the finals. First there was a wonderfully tense clash of egos between Brewer and South Africa's Gary Player to be settled.

After winning the Masters last April, Brewer stated—as others before him have done—that there is no such thing as the Big Three (Palmer, Nicklaus, Player), a remark that soon became translated around the golfing world as "Who's Gary Player?"

The black hairs on the back of Player's muscular neck bristled.

"Yes, he said those things, but who am I to say anything," said Player, who at 31 has won all four of golf's major titles. "I believe in humility, that two wrongs don't make a right. I believe in letting your clubs do the talking."

The clichés may have been bad, but the Player-Brewer match was fantas-

tically good. It was a taut contest with no pleasantries exchanged. Player shot a four-under-par 70 in the morning round, but was three holes down to Brewer's almost flawless 67. However, he fought back in the afternoon, evened the match at the 30th hole and eventually won at the 39th, the third extra hole, in near-darkness.

After a quick, reluctant handshake the two golfers climbed into a waiting Daimler limousine and rode in elegant splendor and biting silence back to the clubhouse.

"I'll have to admit I was playing with an extra bit of determination today," Gary said later. "Gay has said some nasty things about me in the past, but I think Gary Brewer is a very great player." Parry, thrust and turn the other cheek.

The following day Player lost to Thomson, who had advanced by defeating this year's British Open winner, Roberto de Vicenzo, on the last hole of another good match.

Now Thomson was pitted in the final against the majestic, muscular, implacable figure of Arnold Palmer, who had played very solid golf in beating Canada's George Knudson and then Casper.

Palmer was inspired by the determination of the aggrieved; he epitomized, after all, the type of golfer that Thomson did not care for. "I like to beat anyone I'm playing, no matter who he is," said Arnold on the eve of the finals. "But I guess you could say that all U.S. players especially enjoy beating Peter."

"The Americans? Oh, I imagine they like to beat me," said Thomson in his turn. "But don't they like to beat everybody, even themselves?"

The match was even better than the one Brewer and Player produced. Palmer, bull-strong, extroverted, magnetic, presented a sharp contrast to his opponent, whose golf is crisp, neat and unemotional. But if the two felt personally

antagonistic it was not obvious. Their manners were impeccable, and past differences were set aside as they attacked the golf course in a rain that sluiced down through most of the day.

Thomson, sinking some nice putts, held a three-hole lead as late as the 10th, but after the first 18, which each played in 70 shots, the two were all square, and after the first nine holes in the afternoon the match was still tied.

Then Palmer suddenly erupted with an explosion of distinguished golf. He floated a six-iron over the trees guarding the 190-yard 28th hole and holed the seven-foot putt he had left. One up. He hit a two-iron to the par-5, 480-yard 30th hole that bounded in four feet from the cup. Two up. He punched a nine-iron shot at the green of the 437-yard 31st hole that came off an embankment flanking the left side and rolled right to the cup. Three up.

But then Thomson, still looking cool and unperturbed, began to play some very hot golf himself. A birdie and an eagle cut Palmer's margin to one going into the 34th hole, where Thomson hit an iron stiff to the pin. But Palmer followed Thomson's approach with an eight-iron 15 feet short of the hole, and then hit a hurdle putt that ran up the green to the left of the cup, started swinging to the right and toppled on its very last turn.

That last turn proved to be the coup de grâce. They halved the 35th and, when Thomson hooked into the rough on the 495-yard finishing hole and failed to reach the green in two shots, the match was over. In winning, Palmer had scored 12 birdies and an eagle, while Thomson—almost as remarkably—had made 11 birdies and an eagle. It was championship golf.

The moment the match ended, Thomson walked over and shook Palmer's hand. It was obvious that what had begun as almost a bloodletting had ended in something very near to a mutual admiration society.

"Arnold isn't flogging at the ball the way he used to," Thomson said. "I was beaten by a better man."

The better man was impressed, too. "It was one of the best matches I've ever been in," said Palmer. "Peter played such excellent golf. I really enjoyed the whole thing."

No parity, no thrust. Just a lot of sincere respect.

END

A-5



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BOXING / *Bob Ottum*

Vicente bored in but Ernie merely bored

**The Mexicans wept tears of joy as
Saldivar beat Winstone and rained
cushions on Terrell and Ramos**

I was one of those romantic, perfumed Mexican nights—moon over the Aztec Stadium and all that—and Ernie Terrell draped himself as comfortably as possible on top of Manuel Ramos and looked dreamily out into the audience. This pose was rather difficult, since Ramos kept wriggling irritably and trying to hit him, and Terrell had already had plenty of that nonsense. He was bleeding thickly around his eyes, all his ribs were unhinged, and with each new jolt his mouthpiece became disconnected from his head. Ramos was hitting him so hard he was sending a rainbow of Terrell's perspiration out into the third row at ringside, and 10 rounds of this can get pretty grim. Thus, last Saturday night a new career in show business was born: *Su Mansi* uppercut.

As will happen in fighting, Terrell went out in a blaze of boredom. Halfway through the fight, people were turning to each other and saying, "So how are the wife and kids?" And others who still had interest enough stood and threw their seat cushions and a few centavos into the ring. Worse yet, Terrell's farewell performance came as second billing to a featherweight title bout so superb that for years Mexicans will speak of it with tears in their eyes.

All this activity took place in the middle of a very special month in Mexico, The Little Olympics, a dress rehearsal for the big show that opens next autumn, had drawn thousands of people to Mexico City: the Harlem Globetrotters were playing somewhere, there were world-famous racing drivers on hand for the Mexican Grand Prix, there had been a

bank robbery, there was a subway strike on a subway that was not even built yet and the traditional "second summer" was turning out rainy and cold instead of what all those programs had promised it would be.

Into this scene—for \$30,000 in American dollars plus expenses—came Terrell. He was brought to town by Atlantic City entertainment czar George Hamid Jr.—shame on you, Mr. Hamid—who had agreed with Terrell that they could win easily and restore Terrell's status, which has not been outstanding of late.

"This is the crossroads for Terrell," said Hamid, on arriving at the stadium. "I am not a boxing man *as natura*; that is, I picked up Terrell when he was stranded in March of 1966 after the Clay fight. We then fought Thad Spencer for \$50,000 and figured he was made to order for us. He wasn't. We then tried for Frazer, couldn't get him, got a tentative bid for Sonny Liston, which didn't work out. And all the time the name of Ramos kept coming up."

The name of the Mexican heavyweight champion, ranked sixth in the world by *The Ring* magazine, came up so often that Hamid finally brought the show to town. "If Terrell wins," he announced, "we will threaten, persuade or shame Frazer into a fight. If Ernie loses, I will ask him to get out of the game. Terrell has a great future in show business. He is a marvelous entertainer, and we could get bookings for him right now. This will be it."

This was it. Terrell came out with his customary mean look, which is supposed to strike wide terror, and began belting Ramos in the stomach. Ramos, who still lacks considerable polish, responded by holding up Terrell and occasionally belting him in the chest ribs, head, kidneys, kneebones and thorns. Usually, though, the pair looked like a pair of waltzing elephants.

"I have no excuse for losing," Terrell said in his dressing room. "I hit him some good punches, and he kept coming back." And how about his future? "I am going to have an announcement about that pretty soon."

If this was to be it for Terrell, it was even more so for the featherweights, Vicente Saldivar and Howard Winstone, who were responsible for drawing most of the 90,000 cushion-tossers—boosing's fourth largest crowd ever—in the first place. Saldivar is 24 and won the title

after 25 fights and 24 wins. In fact, he had fought—and beaten—the Welshman Winstone twice before. What makes him particularly exciting to the Mexicans is his style. As one Mexican sportswriter said minutes before the bout was to begin: "Saldivar must win by the 10th round because he has this tendency to stop thinking after 10. I don't know what it is, but he starts out as a picture boxer. Then the evil spirits seize him, and he becomes a sort of beast and just goes wild without stopping."

Saldivar had agreed to fight for one million pesos, a national record, and the promoters figured they had the fight of the century. Never mind the fact that featherweights weigh 126 pounds and wear lifts in their shoes. It was everything any country would want. The promoters got together early in the week at an old police headquarters in a huge, hollow building on the outskirts of town to work out the details. The meeting room smacked of countless interrogations over stolen cars. Everyone agreed that if one fighter was knocked out of the ring he would have 10 seconds to get back in. And halfway through the thing, Mexican Boxing Commissioner Luis Spota got up to open a window to let in some fresh air. The window promptly slammed shut and shattered with a hollow tinkle of glass in the courtyard below. Everyone, conscious of symbolism, figured they were in for a hell of a night at the fights.

The promoters first knocked together a ring, a few handy boards covered with shiny red oilcloth. They sprinkled sawdust and wood chips on top, stretched a canvas over that and everybody got slightly seasick looking at the result. Next they scaled the house from 340 ringside all the way back to four pesos (32¢) for seats high up in the bowl, figuring—correctly—that those who would occupy the 32¢ seats would be so far out of town they couldn't hit anybody down front with anything.

As early as 2 o'clock last Saturday afternoon traffic began creeping into the stadium—which is also called the Coloso de Santa Ursula—and by fight time the place was full of tension. All week long, Winstone had been ready. He arrived in shape, so confident that he bought an \$84 gold wristwatch that figured to weigh about 70 pounds all by itself. For balance and for his other wrist he turned up with a simple gold identification

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BOXING continued

bracelet with his name spelled out on it in chip diamonds.

Saldívar, who is known as Zurdo de Oro, which translates into something like, "The Lefty of Gold," showed up wearing his customary look of absolute punity. Saldívar is darkly handsome. His hair is cut in a sort of early pompadour, and his face is no more marked than, say, the face of any average guy who has been thrown through a windshield.

The fight went almost according to the plot: Winstone, who does not believe in trancelike states, started off strong, snapping a left hand that was clearly poked up at an old Gene Fullmer rummage sale, and winning points. And Saldívar, changing from handsome to savage, went into his trance three rounds early.

In round 7, while the fans howled their heads off, Saldívar began blasting in with a wild attack, hitting Winstone with flurries that nobody quite believed, fighting alternately out of a combative crouch and upright, leaping, staggering, lurching. In round 9, Saldívar leaned back and hit Winstone so hard he sent drops of his sweat into the fourth row, which is a Mexican all-conference record—and by the 11th round he had completely turned off the world and tuned in Winstone. In the 12th he knocked Winstone down. For the boxing record, the knockdown punch was at least 86 of those fast, golden left hands, and in the next instant Winstone's manager, Eddie Thomas, sailed a towel into the ring.

In Saldívar's dressing room afterward there was, above all, emotion. Saldívar announced he was retiring—to consider a movie offer, everyone said—and that he figured Winstone would be his successor as king of all the featherweights. "He didn't hurt me," Saldívar said, "although he opened my left cheek with a tremendous punch." He was suffering what fight people casually refer to as a four-stitcher, and the fight had left his handsome face in ruins. Well, he can always play mini-Brando roles.

When the fight ended and everybody had stood up and pitched his sent cushion into the ring, the organ suddenly burst into song. The Aztec Stadium was filled with *Las Golondrinas* (The Swallows), which is Mexico's equivalent of *Auld Lang Syne* and a stunning farewell to Saldívar. A lot of people cried. It is a nice tune at that. Maybe Terrell can work it into his act.

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OFF SEASON FOR IZARDS

Expecting to find a sporting bonanza, the author and his wife travel to tiny Andorra and learn that, while there is no hunting to speak of, the fishing is just awful

BY JACK OLSEN

Of all the faraway places with strange-sounding names, the one that always intrigued me the most was Andorra, the tiny principality tucked into the Pyrenees between France and Spain. How did one get there? In my imagination I decided that one took the highway from north or south, arrived suddenly at the bottom of a steep slope and then transferred to burro-back. After a while the path became too precipitous even for the burro, and



one clambered up pitches of solid rock, inched past grazing ibex and chamois, groped along narrow edges worn smooth by centuries of smugglers. At last, breathing heavily, one arrived to a tumultuous welcome from the natives, gaily dressed in bright yellows and reds, dancing the Sardana and generously proffering goatskin flasks of carmine-colored wine. "Welcome!" they would say in the peculiar Andorran tongue.

"You are the second American to arrive in our land. There was one named Lowell Thomas here in 1937." Then I would go off into the woods to hunt wild beasts and catch fat trout till my arms ached.

Well, I have been to Andorra now, and let me be the first to admit that my conception of the country was a trifle wide of the mark, say about nine miles. Not that my wife and I are entirely stupid. I

mean, we *checked*. After we had tentatively decided to vacation in Andorra we sent for the available information. Both of us have a tendency to judge places by the sporting possibilities, and we were practically frothing at the mouth as we read aloud from the literature.

"Listen to this!" I said, leafing through a pamphlet put out by Credit Andorra, the country's bank. "'Andorra is a paradise for fishing and shooting. There are

continued

trout, woodcock, chamois, vultures and eagles." "

"You can't hunt eagles," my wife said. "It's not *their* national bird," I said.

A few minutes later my wife muttered, "They've got to be kidding."

"What?" I said.

"It says in this pamphlet, 'In Andorra one finds foxes, squirrels, otters, wildcats, hares, rabbits, wild boars and gamecocks. At a higher altitude we find the eagle, the hawk, the snow grouse and, most famous of all, the agile and elegant *isard*.'"

"You mean *isard*," I said.

"No, I don't. I mean *isard*. It says here the *isard* is the eastern Pyrenees version of the chamois. What's a chamois?"

"A little mountain goat for washing cars with."

We read on and on into the night. One passage got me so excited I could hardly read it aloud. It was from a paperback called *In the Pajeros of Andorra* by Clara Vanderheke, and it said, "In Andorra fishing is not just a pastime for grandpa. . . . Here it is a real sport, you have to make your way upstream and try to catch the fat trout with a fly as they leap through the snowy froth of the torrents." Another booklet showed a beaming Andorran fisherman holding up "a trout of two kilos."

"How much is two kilos?" I asked my wife.

"Four and a half pounds," she said.

"We're going to Andorra," I said.

Flying the Atlantic, we passed the time by working out a schedule for our vacation in paradise. Both of us were highly curious about *isards*, so we scheduled an *isard* hunt for our first full day. On the second day we would switch to trout fishing in the high mountain streams. Rabbit and fox hunting would occupy our third day, and on successive days after that we would hunt wolf, bear and wild boar, shoot partridge, snow grouse and pheasant, fish the high glacial lakes and cast for big trout in the wider reaches of the river. We figured that after seven days of intense hunting and fishing we would be satiated with the outdoors, and we would devote the remainder of our two-week vacation to observing the native folk-

ways, bartering with the Andorrans for some of their handcraft and in general picking up the local color. My wife and I are always improving ourselves.

We rented a car and drove toward Andorra from the Spanish side, through a green-on-green valley watered by a foamy white-water stream fished by men in Céranne hats and rubber knee-length boots, past children with pierced earrings and old ladies on bikes and grizzled men berating their donkeys. Now and then we would pass a Spanish bus festooned with hurlap sacks of luggage on the roof and billows of black smoke coming out the exhaust, one would swear it was running on soft coal. All at once, with no visible change in the countryside, we came to a road sign announcing "Andorra." To my surprise, the modern asphalt highway continued slightly uphill through a valley choked with raspberry and blackberry bushes. We stopped at a customs booth in the middle of the road, showed our passports and were informed that Andorra la Vella, the capital of the principality, lay just ahead. We drove a few more miles through the somnolent countryside and suddenly came to the tail end of a line of traffic that appeared to extend all the way to Norway. The traffic would move a few feet and halt, stop and start, jerk and jerk through a miasma of bluish smoke being thrown up by the hundreds of cars, most of which were as out of tune as Florence Foster Jenkins. As we proceeded thus into the heart of Andorra la Vella we could discern the reason for the snarl. On both sides of the street, as far as one's watery eyes could see, hundreds of shops displayed everything from deepfreezers to paper clips, all at bargain prices. There were \$10 tape recorders and \$4 umbrellas and \$15 cameras and who knows what all. We had finally reached Shangri-la, and it turned out to be 14th Street. "Don't worry," I told my wife, whose jaw was hanging slack and whose face was ashen. "This is just a minor inconvenience. Anyway, we won't be in the town that much. We'll be up in the mountains catching trout and hunting *isards*."

She muttered something. "What did you say?" I asked.

"I said, 'Did you see those cashmere sweaters for \$20?'"

"*Isards*," I said. "Keep your mind on the *isards*."

At the tourist office just across from the town square we explained in a melange of French, Spanish and English that we were interested in the country's outdoor life, and a barbed clerk explained to us in a panache of French, Spanish and Catalan that he didn't know much about it but he could show us a hunting map that would be helpful. As far as I could determine from the symbols on the map, you could hunt *isards* in the high mountains to the northwest, deer in the central part, bears to the north and skiers in the west. There was also some hunting for skiers in the south. We had started to leave to find a hotel when the clerk gave us to understand that by a stroke of good fortune an official of the Andorran Hunting and Fishing Association was sipping a pastis at the café next door and perhaps could be of assistance. The official turned out to be a suntanned, pleasant individual who spoke mostly the native Catalan, but who somehow or other managed to communicate to us the awful truth. The *isard* season had ended two days before and, anyway, hardly anybody ever saw an *isard* these days. It was sort of like hunting walrus in Nigeria, he said, and laughed at his own cleverness. As for bears, the last brown bear had been shot along the Spanish border in 1942. Wild hares? The official of the Andorran Hunting and Fishing Association inquired as to what we meant by wild boars. There were foxes, yes, and squirrels and rabbits and a few rats, but wild hares? "It is to laugh," he said, and once again broke into laughter.

"Now listen," I said, "are you telling me that all that tourist office literature is maloney?"

Yes, the man said, that was certainly one way to put it.

"Well," I said philosophically, "we're here and we'll make the best of it. If you don't have anything but rabbits and foxes and rats, we'll hunt rabbits and foxes and rats."

continued

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The man said that would be impossible. The season for rabbits and foxes and rats did not open for three more weeks. A few more sputterings on my part brought the news that there was nothing huntable at that moment in Andorra.

"O.K.," I said, "then we'll fish."

The official of the Andorran Hunting and Fishing Association told us that the high mountain streams were all closed at the moment because the trout were using them for trysts, that there was some magnificent trout fishing in the lake of Engolasters, but unfortunately the lake belonged to the power company, which permitted no fishing, and that there was another excellent trout lake just across the French border at Fontargent, but one had to face the lamentable fact that the French had arbitrarily closed the lake to fishing for five years. If one might be allowed to sum the matter up, the official concluded, one could fish in the lower streams for smaller trout, and one could shop in Andorra la Vella, where there were bargains of unbelievable dimensions. Also there were some very interesting bridges that dated to the 11th century. I offered my thanks through clenched teeth, and we drove off.

We put in at a pleasant enough little hotel called the Roc Blanc (White Rock), unpacked in about 30 seconds flat and began a desperate campaign to salvage at least some portion of our dream itinerary. I called upon Señor Antoni Forné, permanent secretary of the Andorra Tourist Bureau, and posed some questions. Why did the official tourist maps of Andorra show enticing little insets of bears in the north and deer in the center, not to mention ibards bounding all over the place and trout in mad profusion? Sr. Forné, a former captain in the Spanish Republican Army who fled to Andorra after the civil war, explained that a bear had been shot in Andorra only 25 years before "and surely, my dear sir, there must be some remaining. It is only a matter of looking in the right places at the right time." As for the deer, that was merely a mistake; there were, in fact, no deer in Andorra. The mapmaker had intended the inset picture to be an ibard (two small horns), but the artist had been

carried away and had made them look more like antlers, and huge ones at that (about 13 points). Sr. Forné's final counsel to us was to forget about hunting. "I will do my best to find a fishing guide for you," he said, "and in the meantime you can enjoy yourselves in our shops, where you will find the best bargains in Europe."

Of course, none of our conversations in Andorra went as smoothly as they now sound in retrospect. My wife and I are both language illiterates. She studied Spanish for four years but is still under the impression that *a* means a body of water. I studied German for five years, and when somebody said *Guten Tag* to me last year in Berlin I told him to watch his mouth. In Andorra almost everybody speaks Spanish, French and Catalan, but the amount of English that is spoken daily could be engraved on the inside of a Swiss hotel keeper's heart in 96-point type with enough room left over for a Scot's income-tax return. To be sure, a smattering of European phrases had impressed themselves upon my brain during frequent travels in Europe. I could say "pass the salt" in two languages, "please" in three, and "Where is the men's room?" in six, but none of this was of any practical use in Andorra. The French and Spanish words that were thrown at me by the natives came out with Catalan overtones, thus rendering them almost incomprehensible. In Catalan, the "x" is made to sound like "sh," and listening to three or four Catalonians having an argument is like standing in a busy steam kitchen. It all sort of shoudsh like thish.

Nevertheless, we were able to understand that a guide would call upon us at our hotel, at Sr. Forné's direction, and that we would be escorted to some trout spots high in the mountains. We went back to the hotel and waited. We waited, in fact, for two days. "The Andorrans have no conception of time," explained one of the hotel receptionists, a German. "Spain is a *mañana* country. Andorra is a day-after-morrow country. Here, if you have an appointment for 9 o'clock, you

had better make it your business to be there at 10.30 sharp!"

During our enforced waiting period (my wife insisted on calling the delay "a good test of your maturity," which made me absolutely want to throw up), we learned what had happened to Andorra. Not many decades ago it was almost exactly as I had imagined in my dreams. There were no roads from France or Spain, only donkey paths. There were no shops selling *schlock*. The streams were jumping with trout. Ibards and foxes and all sorts of wild game wandered right into the villages. Then a road was pushed through from the Spanish side, and another from France. The people of Andorra, many of whom had made a precarious living smuggling goods from France to Spain and back again, discovered that there was easier money to be made by selling untaxed goods to tourists, and almost overnight Andorra became a nation of shopkeepers (thus exchanging the underhand for the glad hand, as John Sack once elegantly put it). The tourists, mostly French bargain hunters of the middle and lower classes, descended upon the country (nearly 1.5 million of them this season alone), and the destruction of Andorra as an unspoiled *opereetta* setting was all but complete. Nor were all Andorrans thrilled to death by the change. "Why, we don't even get the middle class anymore," one of them told us over a glass of *armagnac*. "In July the camping sites are full of Frenchmen. They put up their tents, spend almost nothing and start smoking our cheap Andorran cigarettes three at a time so they can get their money's worth. I saw one French couple come into a café and price the coffee. When they were told it was 80 a cup, they turned and walked out. Imagine! They were shopping for a cup of coffee!"

As impartial observers, my wife and I could only feel sympathy for the French visitors to Andorra. Their natural shopping tendencies are kept under a tight hold by the French customs guards, who allow them to bring back 10 packages of Andorran cigarettes and one bottle of liquor duty-free and nothing more. Sometimes cars are practically taken apart at

continued

the border stations on the French side, or they may be waved on to roadblock traps 10 or 20 miles into France. The *donovers* come bounding out on the highway shouting, "Surprise! Surprise!" and strip the car from bumper to bumper. If contraband turns up, the driver goes to jail and the car is confiscated.

After two full days of waiting and assimilating such information about the tiny principality, we received word through an intermediary that we were to go to a certain store on the Avenue Charlemagne the next morning and meet a man who would help us in our quest for a trout-fishing guide. We complied with the instructions and in the back of a little dry-goods shop enjoyed a long talk with a pleasant young man named Sr. Dolsa, who informed us that the fishing in Andorra was lousy but that the fishing, on the whole, was rather poor. If we insisted on going, he said, he would arrange for a guide to meet with us at the hotel and discuss terms.

We returned to the hotel and waited another 24 hours. Finally I wrote out a note, had it translated into Catalan and handed it to the hotel clerk with instruc-

tions to show it to everybody he knew. The note said: "We are an American couple interested in hunting and fishing in Andorra. We do not know where to begin, and we are willing to pay well for a guide who will show us something of the outdoor life of your wonderful country." Within an hour a seedy man arrived to tell us that a relative of his would be happy to take us out smuggling and poaching if the price was right. I told the man that we had your everyday curiosity about smuggling and poaching but that we did not want to participate in either activity, being pronouncedly allergic to confinement. "However," I went on smilingly, not wanting to miss this opportunity to connect, "we would be happy to do a little legal trout fishing with your relative and maybe we can talk about smuggling and poaching later."

That night a swarthy man with a broken nose and straight, greased black hair arrived at the hotel desk and asked for Sr. and Sra. Olsen. He introduced himself as Juan Tomas (pronounced in Catalan *Zho-o Toe-mash*) and said he was our guide. "Mucho gusto!" I said. I was beside myself with joy. Here we had been

in Andorra only three days and already we were going to go fishing, and, not only that, we were going to learn all about smuggling and poaching to boot. "Sit down, Zho-o," I said, "and let us make plans." We sat together on the sofa in the hotel lobby. "Now in the morning we can go trout fishing, *correcto*?" Juan said that was *correcto*. "And in the afternoon we can search for game with a camera, is it not so?" Juan Tomas said it was so. "And after that," I said, giving him a broad wink, "we'll come back to the hotel and talk about *other matters*, right?"

Juan Tomas looked puzzled and stood up. In a somewhat tentative manner he said he would meet us in the morning at 10, and then he was gone without so much as an *adieu*.

"What the hell's eating him?" I said to the desk clerk. "Do all smugglers and poachers act so spooky?"

"Smugglers and poachers?" the clerk said. "He's no smuggler and poacher. He's the guide Sr. Forné sent!"

The next morning we drove our little Fiat 124 Sport high up in the mountains, passing under huge boulders suspended above the road in a matrix of soft sandstone and dirt. "Don't they ever fall down and kill anybody?" I asked Juan. "Never," he assured us. Minutes later we rounded a curve in the road and almost hit a freshly fallen five-ton boulder. "Almost never," Juan Tomas said.

When we arrived at the 7,000-foot level Juan advised us to park the car. Our fishing location was just a few steps up the mountain path, he said. We walked in the hot sun for the better part of an hour, straight up an old dry creek bed, slipping and sliding on slick stones, and at long last, puffing like elderly dragons, we reached a small plateau atop the mountain. I strained my ears for the sound of rushing water and jumping trout, but I could hear nothing. All questions as to the precise location of our fishing site were answered in generalities like "not much farther" and "a few more minutes." Juan excused himself to go off in search of mushrooms. He returned in an hour and explained that he wanted to take a few more minutes to see if he could spot an izard for us. Forty-five minutes



The "donovers" come bounding out on the road shouting, "Surprise! Surprise!" and strip the car from bumper to bumper. If contraband is found, the driver goes to jail

later he came back and said there were no *zards* around, but if we liked we could now fish. He pointed down the steep backslope of the mountain. It developed that the stream was at the bottom of the other side of the mountain, down an old burro path and along a dozen or so rock-slides. "What do you do if an avalanche starts?" I asked our guide.

"You step to one side and let it go past and pray that your mother is not coming up from below," Juan Tomas explained.

Leaving my wife to wait safely at the top of the mountain, Juan and I made the long descent and at last arrived at the River Madriu, a wildly flowing stream perhaps six inches in depth and four feet in width. "Poda!" Juan Tomas said with a grand gesture, as though he had guided me to Victoria Falls. From a vantage point over one of the Madriu's pools I could see a few fish of three or four inches feeding on microscopic particles. I captured a grasshopper and flipped it into the pool, and all the fish fled madly, Juan said. "Too small!"

"The grasshopper?" I said.

"No," he said, "the trout."

"Well," I said, "put the rod together and let's try fishing here anyway."

Juan explained that we would have to get *gusinos* (worms) up the side of the next mountain. He would go for the bait while I rested. One hour later he came whooping and hollering down the path bearing a wriggling trout of some six inches in length. "I got him on my *premier cast!*" Juan said proudly. Then he disappeared into the bushes for another hour, returning with three small worms in an old *pist* tin. It was getting on toward 4 in the afternoon and I still had not held a fishing rod in my hand. Furthermore, I had been sitting alongside the River Madriu for better than two hours now, probing the depths of the stream with my Polaroid-assisted vision, and I had not seen the vaguest suggestion of a trout longer than my middle finger. I communicated all this to Juan, and he said he was sorry that he had been unable to catch more than one fish for me but he thought he knew a place where we could connect the next morning. I

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finally comprehended, through a dim haze compounded of muscular soreness, general fatigue and profound annoyance, that Juan thought he had been hired as a fish-catcher, not as a guide. I tried to explain to him that I was more interested in fishing than fish, but he could not get this concept into his head. I said that the one fish we had taken so far had cost me and my wife about \$6,000 a pound, and he admitted that this sounded on the high side, but he would try to catch more tomorrow and bring the price down somewhat. I said that I wasn't interested in poundage, but in catching big, fighting, sporty trout. He said if I was interested in big trout, why had I come to Andorra? Anybody knows, he went on, that the only big trout in Andorra are in France.

We met again the next morning, and before we left the hotel I explained to Juan once again that this time I wanted to fish. I did not want to go mountain climbing, and that I would thank him to lead us to some fishable water *pronto* . Right away! *Tout de suite!* Juan hauled out a map and showed me a lake near the French border. He said it was one of the most beautiful lakes in Andorra and it was only a one-hour hike from the highway. "How big are the fish in it?" I demanded.

"There are no fish in it," Juan said, "but the scenery is beautiful."

"See?" my wife said. "He's not a fishing guide. He's an Alpinist."

After all sorts of gestures, some of them threatening, we drove off to the village of Pal, a hosiery community where once upon a time an Andorran wrestler had met a Spanish wrestler with half the countryside at stake. My guidebook told me that the Spanish wrestler was bigger and heavier, but that the Andorran was smarter, and so he taunted the Spanish wrestler into chasing him. "The heavier man was soon tired," my book went on. "The Andorran wrestler took advantage of this to jump on him, rolling over on the ground, holding him down, and waiting until the referee interrupted the struggle and declared him winner." I have always found that fishing and hunting pleasures are heightened if one knows something of the history of one's sur-

roundings, not to mention the spelling.

Once again we walked to a tiny stream, this one about five feet wide and perhaps eight inches deep, and once again Juan Tomas went off to hunt for *gambos*. When he didn't come back for a long time I searched and found him in earnest conversation with a farmer and his wife who were out raking hay. Juan took me aside. "It is underdotted to fish in the river," he said, "so we will have to wait until the farmer leaves."

"What's the farmer have to do with it?" I asked.

"He is one of the councilors of Andorra."

An hour or so later the farmer and his wife completed their appointed task and at 2:30 on the afternoon of my fifth day in paradise I finally held a fishing rod in my hand, or in my hands. It was an Andorran rod, 19½ feet of cane from butt to tip, and it weighed about three pounds more than my oldest child. One walked along the creek, poked this Washington Monument of a rod through the greenery and tried to place three feet of line and one inch of worm into the pockets and riffles where monstrous trout lurked. Or so Juan Tomas gave us to understand.

After a while I got a bite, jerked the butt of the rod upward and flipped an infant trout 15 feet into an overhanging tree, from whence it dropped back into the stream. "Here," said the guide, wrenching the rod away. "I am showing you." He dropped the worm into a likely hole and suddenly catapulted a five-inch trout 50 feet behind him on the bank, using exactly the same stroke that is used by the commercial tuna fishermen of San Diego. Then he handed me the rod with a look of superiority. Using the Andorra technique I caught two trout, both of them minuscule, and finally informed Juan Tomas as politely as I could that it had been a grand experience but I had had my fill of trout fishing in Andorra. We returned to the hotel and I paid him off. Somehow the price had doubled, but I put this down to the language barrier.

The next morning a loud knock interrupted our sleep. "Good evening," said one of the bellboys. "I am telling you the information that a good friend

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of mine is the best hunter and fisherman in Andorra."

"What?" I asked sleepily.

The man went on to explain that his friend John of the Dogs had agreed to take us fishing that same afternoon.

"Who?" I said.

"Juan dels Gosos," he said in Catalan.

"Juan de los Perros," he said in Spanish. "John of the Dogs."

"Where'd he ever get a name like that?"

"I am not knowing that," the bellboy said. "His real name is Juan Clotet, but we all know him as John of the Dogs. He is shoot dogs when he is a small man, I am told, but I do not ask him because I am afraid."

In any case, John of the Dogs had consented to take time out from his busy schedule to guide us into the woods at 3, and one must understand that we were very lucky people to be able to go fishing with *el mejor pescador d'Andorra*, the best of the best. A nice tip would not be unwelcome.

That afternoon we met John of the Dogs, a dark little man with a grubby mustache and stark black hair and a stub of a cigar sending up clouds of smoke like the battleship *Missouri*. He had the manner of a sawed-off Anthony Quinn. His voice was gruff, his teeth were snaggle, his breath would have offended the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*, but he plainly knew his business. Did we want to find some large trout? All right, then he would return later with the canes of the fishing. A few hours before dark we were off. John of the Dogs directed us to a place one mile up the road from our hotel, handed me a spinning rod with a silvery Mepps spinner on the end and pointed out a dark pool, directly behind the Andorra la Vella power plant, where he said there were large trout in abundance. There were also tin cans, wine bottles, empty containers of *Vel* and *Daz*, an old boot and a "Super-bombe Insecticides Parfumerie" in abundance. John of the Dogs disappeared upstream in a cloud of smoke and insouciance.

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ANDORRA continued

broke it off. I hastened upstream to find the guide and get a replacement. Thirty minutes later I was still picking my way through the brambles and rocks looking for John of the Dogs. He was gone. Disconsolately I went back to the flat rock where my wife and a new lady friend from Andorra la Vella were playing gin. I sat and watched the only game in town. John of the Dogs returned in an hour or so with seven small trout. "I would like to present these fish to your beautiful wife, to these fish," he said, and once again I realized that I had hired a man who thought we were making a 10,000-mile round trip for the sole purpose of amassing trout meat. "Thanks, Juan," I said. "You have done your work well."

That night, as we made plans to depart Andorra, who should show up but the smuggler—a genuine, bona fide *contrabandista* right out of the third act of *Carmen*. In so many words, he informed us that all other guides were humpties, that he was the only person of Andorra who knew where the big trout were hiding, and that he would take us the following day, provided we paid him well enough and did not identify him to any of the French or Spanish authorities. I promised to describe him as a six-footer with red hair and gold teeth, and he said that would be sufficient to throw off anyone who got on his trail. All during our conversation he kept casing the lobby and tilting his head to one side, as though he could hear the faint jingle of handcuffs in the distance, and he finally dissolved into the rainy night with a promise to pick us up late the next day.

En route to the top-secret fishing hole, the smuggler turned out to be one of Andorra's most volatile players. He never used one word when 10 would suffice. He opened up by telling us that shameful things were happening in his beautiful homeland. Once upon a time there were hundreds, maybe thousands, of *contrabandistas*, all of them joined in warm camaraderie, but now there were perhaps only 30 in the whole country. Back in the good old days they used to smuggle cigarettes and tobacco and jewels and watches, but now they were reduced to hauling 15 or 20 miniature Japanese

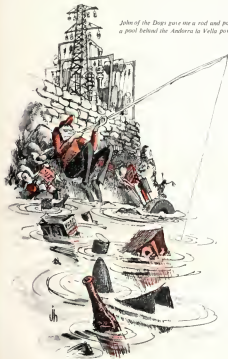
television sets over the mountains, walking at night and sleeping by day and finally making a rendezvous with a truck on a country road in Spain. One had no idea what 30 kilograms of Sonys did to one's back, and for this one would only make \$100 or so for three days' work.

I asked the smuggler if he had ever been caught, and he said that the French *downers* had nailed him 20 years before. "I was carrying auto parts," he recalled, "and I threw my load and my pistol down the mountain when I saw them coming out of the bushes. I explained that I was merely taking a walk in my beloved mountains, but they told

me that somehow I had wandered into their beloved mountains and would have to go to jail. So of course I broke loose and ran. They had guns but they did not shoot. The French never do. The Spanish customs guards will shoot to cover up their stupidity—*Pfar!* but the French guards pride themselves on not shooting." After that, the smuggler said, he concentrated on smuggling into Spain, leaving the French work to others. "It is too difficult," he said. "The French *downers* are too wise. Now they use clever dogs to track us down. The Spanish use dogs, too, but they use stupid dogs. We just drop a little pepper on the

continued

John of the Dogs gave me a nod and pointed out a pool behind the Andorra la Vella power plant



Old Hat? You Bet!

by
Julian F. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

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Distillery

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Recently I came across a list of Fortune Magazine's 500 largest companies and was pleased to note that, as usual, ours was not one of them.

We have no ambition to be among the elephantine elite.

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We'd have to wear too many hats—and the old one fits just fine.

I'm reminded of a remark attributed to Ben Franklin that "don't put all your eggs in one basket" was a fool's advice. "Put all your eggs in one basket" said Franklin, "and watch that basket".

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path and the dogs lose their interest."

By now we were almost to the Spanish border (Andorra is only 18 miles from one end to the other), and the smuggler showed me where to hide the car alongside the wooden footbridge crossing the Gran Valira, the biggest river in the country. Sweating me to lifelong secrecy, he said he would direct me to a pool where he himself had taken a four-pound trout, and he would show me exactly how to fish for the big ones. "Here is the key that opens the door to all grand trout," he said, and handed me a silver-wrapped wedge of "I a Vache Qui Rit," the cow-that-laughs, a soft French cheese. "You put a little ball of this on the end of your hook and the big trout go mad," he added.

"What does the trout think it is?" I asked.

"What do you mean what does the trout think it is?"

"Well, when you fish with a streamer fly, the trout thinks it's a little minnow. When you fish with a spinner, the trout thinks it's a bigger minnow. What does he think this piece of cheese is?"

"What does he think this piece of cheese is?" The smuggler scratched his head. "He thinks it's a piece of cheese! When you sit down to a piece of cheese, what do you think it is? A watermelon!" Leaving me with this inscrutable bit of Catalan logic, the smuggler headed upstream in what I had now come to recognize as the time-honored style of the Andorran fishing guide. Two hours later he returned. I had not had a bite. He had caught a few small trout on spinners.

"You must not become discouraged," he said. "I know a place . . ."

"I'm sure you do," I said.

The next morning at 7 we packed the car and drove over the pass of the Envalira, at 8,500 feet the highest in the Pyrenees, and down toward the French border. "Did you enjoy your visit?" the customs guard asked politely.

"Formidable," my wife said, exhausting her total French vocabulary in one shot.

"You wouldn't believe it," I said sarcastically, and we were waved back into the everyday world.

END

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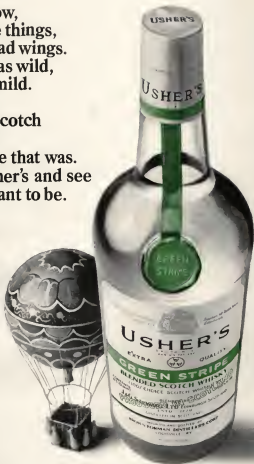


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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GENTLE RAP

Sirs,

Half a hat off to William Johnson for his gentle drubbing of the World Boxing Association (*The Riddle of the Jolly Do-gooder*, Oct. 9). Mr. Johnson has all the facts. He knows why Joe Frazier was dropped from No. 2 to No. 8, although all experts agree he should be No. 1 or No. 2. He knows that the top boxing states, California, New York and Massachusetts, won't touch the WBA with an eight-ounce glove. Mr. Johnson is also fully aware that the inner dealings of the WBA are marked with pettiness to say the very least. And yet, with all this ammunition to load his gloves, Mr. Johnson never puts his combination together. It never appears to be a dirty picture to him, just sort of silly.

But the WBA is a dirty picture. Cassius Clay was kicked out twice, and Frazier was dropped because he wouldn't make ABC's (WBA's) kind of financial deal for fighting. Fortunately, the WBA cannot completely destroy boxing. Frazier will be the man to beat when the ABA championship is over, and the WBA won't be able to do a thing about it.

Perhaps if *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* took a few real shots at the WBA, it would start trying to straighten itself out. In the meantime, WBA President M. R. Evans won't lose any sleep over Mr. Johnson's gentle rap.

DAVID H. SACCHAMAN
Mountain View, Calif.

PAID IN FULL

Sirs,

Mark Kram states that Oscar Bonavena's victory over Karl Mildenberger "will provide this Siles Manner of boxing with much more money than he is worth." He also tells us that Bonavena's favorite words are, "Gimme money!" (*A Bean-can Baw in Frankfurt*, Sept. 25). What does Kram want? More nice-guy Joe Louises being hounded by the IRS? Or more bewildered Hurricane Jacksons shaming shoes?

Doesn't Kram know the name of the game? It's not glory, titles and fame. Doesn't he know the only defensible end of this barbarous, sordid, parasitical business? It's not meant to be scrambled brains and a hand-to-mouth existence from 15 on. The only excuse for boxing is money. The more, the better.

Some fighters don't know that. A few like "boomth" Bonavena and "fragal" Furpo before him, do. So they risk their lives to make it big and grab for every cent in sight. More power to them. For once the worm turns. For once the fighter really wins.

S. A. LINING
Boston

OHIO-BREDS

Sirs,

Your article should wake up the American public to the fact that Ohio is the breeding ground for most of the Standardbreds (*Phoning the Jockey on the Slickers from the City*, Oct. 2). It is also well worth noting that Best of All is really the best of all, and it is not just a coincidence that he was raised in Ohio. It was great to see an Ohio horse come back to glory on his home ground—and Jim Hackett was right when he said the Little Brown Jug is the national prestige race for the pacers. This was a sensitive story by Pete Axthelm and a joy to see in *SI*.

JOHN P. O'NEIL
Athens, Ohio

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Sirs,

You did a whale of a job covering a "Whale of a Weekend" (Oct. 9). But I must enjoyed Frank Deford's article, *The Son of a Bitch in Seattle*. The people of Seattle are going to see what a great game basketball is. I wish Mr. Deford had told us more about the players and had given the starting lineup, but he did show the warmth that a city can have for its team.

NEIL LANDSMAN

Dallas

Sirs,

I'm disappointed that *SI* cheapened an otherwise sound article on the new Seattle SuperSonics professional basketball team by indulging in corn, patronizing jibes at the city of Seattle. Any city with a metropolitan population of 1½ million is certain to have attained assets and complexities that render such superficial generalities downright stupid.

I don't think Seattle needs my defense. Nor would a long list of its cultural, scientific and educational contributions serve any real purpose here. I am not embarrassed for Seattle, I am embarrassed for you.

MICHAEL ANDERSON
Mantoloking, Wash.

Sirs,

Frank Deford deserves congratulations for a fine report, written in a grand style, with unusual warmth and insight. I, for one, hope that Seattle can achieve the same fortunate success that Coach Al Bianchi helped Chicago attain last year.

SHERMAN A. BUDMAN
Los Angeles

FALLER STAIR

Sirs,

Laying Purdue's 28 21 upset of Notre Dame at the feet, or rather the left ankle, of

Kesin Hardis is unfair to everyone who took part in that game (*No. 1 Job Against No. 1*, Oct. 9). Under the "star system" a team becomes mentally if not physically, dependent upon certain players. Even if ego problems do not result, these same players go onto the field as marked men, expected to perform gargantuan tasks. Purdue's Fat Jack rightfully resists the tendency of sportswriters and broadcasters to credit Leroy Keyes or Mike Phipps with the win when he knows that a team effort of the highest degree was responsible for the victory. This team effort involves varsity, reserves, freshmen, coaches, *et al.*, and not just a few fast-haired boys. At Purdue, our big team gives us a lot to be proud of.

JACK MROOK
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs,

Two years ago when Purdue and Bob Griese handled the No. 1 Irish the resulting article (*Oh, That Griese Had Stuffed*, Oct. 4, 1965) did not really say that it was a Purdue victory, but more like a spell of good fortune. Last season when the Boilermakers were given their bag chance by being sent to the Big Ten representative in the Rose Bowl they distinguished themselves by defeating a tough USC team. This year I had the pleasure of seeing the Purdue-Notre Dame game, and I must say that your article was a great representation of an equally great game. Congratulations!

WILLIAM HUBER
West Lafayette, Ind.

DAY ON COURT

Sirs,

Congratulations on this article by Lawyer-Weekend Tennis Player Eugene Scott, (*Great Scott? Give It on Another One*, Oct. 2). It was one of the finest human interest sports stories I have ever read. It only goes to show that there still are people who can have fun even in defeat in today's prevarious world of winning.

DAVID A. HUNYA
Fairmont, W. Va.

BORDER PATROL

Sirs,

You have not let us down. I have been of the firm conviction that the editors of *SI* refuse to print an article concerning hockey in which the writer can keep his facts straight. In the October 2 issue (*Peter! You have done it again*) The Toronto Maple Leaf training camp is listed as being in Peterborough, N.H. What is amazing about this statement is that the town is correct, the country is wrong!

The article on minor sports in the same

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

1964 (*The Bruce and Deane Show Makes a Fair Back*) also irritates me somewhat. Bob Ottum refers to Mosport as a suburb of Toronto where moose seemingly abound. Not only is this "suburb" over 30 miles away, but there are no moose within many miles of it. Americans are misinformed enough about Canada without having misconceptions sewed as them in sports articles.

DAVID NIXON

Toronto

JOHNNY
SIRS,

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the article on Johnny Unitas (*It's Johnny U. Again*, Oct. 2). It is a welcome change from the continual barrage of praise that has been bestowed on Bart Starr and his Green Bay Packers during the past year. This is the year when Johnny will prove to Green Bay and the rest of the world that some of the miracles of 1958—and of his many other great years—are still contained in his golden right arm. Thanks mostly to Unitas, this is also the year when the title flag will fly in Baltimore!

HOWARD CROSBY

Spokane, W. Va.

SIR:

In 1958, John Unitas was hailed as the best quarterback of all time. Now, almost 10 years later, sportswriters, e.g., Tex Maule, are beginning to realize what we fans have known all the while: Johnny Unitas still is and always has been the No. 1 man at quarterback. Unitas is durable. He has outlasted them all!

NICK DUKA

Miami

POSTSCRIPT

SIR:

The profile of Jack Sturrock (*A Tough Skipper to Run a Fast "Dawg"*, Sept. 11) neglected to mention one other influential factor in the long seagoing career of the Australian skipper: the devotion to sailing of Jack's wife. Betty Sturrock traveled 11,000 miles to Newport, R.I. to get a salty view of the Australian challenge for the America's Cup.

Incidentally, your readers might also be interested to know that Ray Robinson (not Robertson), who wrote the article, is one of Australia's leading cricket writers. Cricket has taken Ray to Test Matches (the equivalent of the World Series) in Britain, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, the West Indies, South Africa and New Zealand. It's good to see his byline, however incorrectly spelled, appearing in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

LEO F. ARMATI
Features Editor, Associated
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Lanky Preacher from Athens

His text was basketball and, though he never got past the eighth grade, he knew the whole book word for word

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Like its namesake in Greece, the town of Athens, in the pine woods and dirt of East Texas, has produced a number of citizens who think very big. So it was proper that when Athens decided to get itself a good high school basketball team 40 years ago, its high-thinking citizens went out and got the best.

In Grenada, Texas they discovered Doc Sumner, later to become an All-Southwest Conference forward at Texas Christian University. In Pine Bluff, in the neighboring state of Arkansas, they found Buster Brannon, who has recently retired from a basketball coaching career at Rice and TCU with six Southwest Conference championships to his name. But it was in the nearby hamlet of Brownsboro that the recruiters hit their bonanza—the Tompkins brothers, Freddie and Dennis, later All-Atlantic Coast players at the University of South Carolina, and their tall, uncommonly gifted cousin, Preacher Tompkins, who was, in the opinion of Buster Brannon, as fine a natural phenomenon on the basketball court as this country ever saw.

When Brannon met him, Preacher Tompkins was in the eighth grade and, at 6' 4", could not get his knees under the desk. Preacher endured the eighth grade for four years at Athens until he finally got bored and ambled out of town.

Meanwhile, though, Athens was winning about 30 games a year, which was all Coach Jimmie Kitts could manage to book. Athens went against college freshmen teams, athletic club teams from the cities, other high schools, anybody with five players and a hall that would bounce. An Athens citizen, Ike La Rue, bought Kitts two new Model A Fords and the team took off on a barnstorming tour through Missouri and Illinois to earn expenses. Once in Chicago, where 38 states had sent teams to the national

championship, Preacher Tompkins was touched with lame.

"The crowds and the newspapermen fell in love with him," Brannon recalls. "We told Preacher if he looked good in the first two or three games, he'd be picked for the All-America team. He used all the lanky moves, color and shots, but still you could see he was just a lanky country boy."

"We'd go into a French restaurant and Preacher would peer at the menu, even though he had enough trouble reading English, and then he'd order scrambled eggs and sausage. Preacher enjoyed the tournament. He'd never read a book on basketball or listened to much coaching, but he knew instinctively that on a fast break you dribble high for speed and in a tight place you dribble low for control. He had more basketball savvy than anyone I ever saw. He knew every situation on the court and every shot. He really liked to go into a low dribble put on the brakes and trip his defensive man. He loved seeing them fall."

In the finals Athens played Clayson High of Oklahoma City, coached by Hank Iba. A Classen guard named Andy Beck, later three times All-Big Six, shot six times in the first half without missing, and Athens was behind 12-11 at intermission. Kitts told his team not to worry, Beck would cool off. "Listen, Biddy," said Preacher, who solved the problem of remembering names by calling everybody the same one: "that guy ain't gonna cool off. There's only one way to stop him. I'll play him man-for-man in the second half and the rest of you fellows play a zone." The strategy that Preacher proposed was radical for an era when the regular zone was the accepted manner of play, but Coach Kitts was wise enough to agree. Athens won the championship handily and Preacher was named the Most Valuable

(continued)

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Written by Whitney Darrow, Jr.



Be a buddy!

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Preacher

Player and rewarded with a gold watch.

The other Athens players were somewhat jealous of Preacher's notoriety. They kidded him about the watch. To top them, he would shove his watch into a teammate's face and innocently say, "I can't read this tew good, Buddy. What time do it be?" The team traveled back to Athens in two Model A's and arrived after an absence of three weeks. Kitts was given a house and the two Fords. The citizens put a harrel in the town square in front of the drug store and filled it with \$6,000 in bills and loose change for Kitts. Sumner and Brannon moved on to TC U, where Buster became a left-handed quarterback under the famous Francis Schmidt as well as a guard on the basketball team. In 1930 Athens again won the national high school championship, beating Cienra, Louisiana in the finals. That was the last year of the tournament, which was dropped because participating teams were missing too much school.

After the 1930 tournament, Kitts was promised a job coaching at the University of South Carolina. He sent Freddie and Dennis Tompkins and two other players ahead of him and then somehow failed to get the job after all. But the Athens boys won the Atlantic Coast Conference championship as sophomores. With his old friends gone, Preacher eventually wandered some 75 miles to the northwest to play for the Dallas Athletic Club. But Dallas was too big for him. Preacher began a letter to Kitts requesting advice. Stumped, he walked into a room where two teammates were playing cards and asked, "How do you spell Buddy?" "B-U-D-Y," one replied. "Now, it's B-U-D-D-Y," said the other.

After waiting a while to see who won the argument, Preacher went back to his room. He soon left Dallas. He drifted into the oil fields as a laborer and was killed in a car accident. "If Preacher had ever gone to college, people would be talking about him today as one of basketball's immortals," Brannon says. "But he simply wasn't so inclined. It's a pity." However, they remember him that way in Athens, the only town in the country ever to have won two consecutive national high school basketball championships and certainly the only one to have done so with an eighth-grade star.

END

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